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NEW SERIAL STORY BY FRANK R. STOCKTON BEGINS THIS WEEK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2167.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1898.

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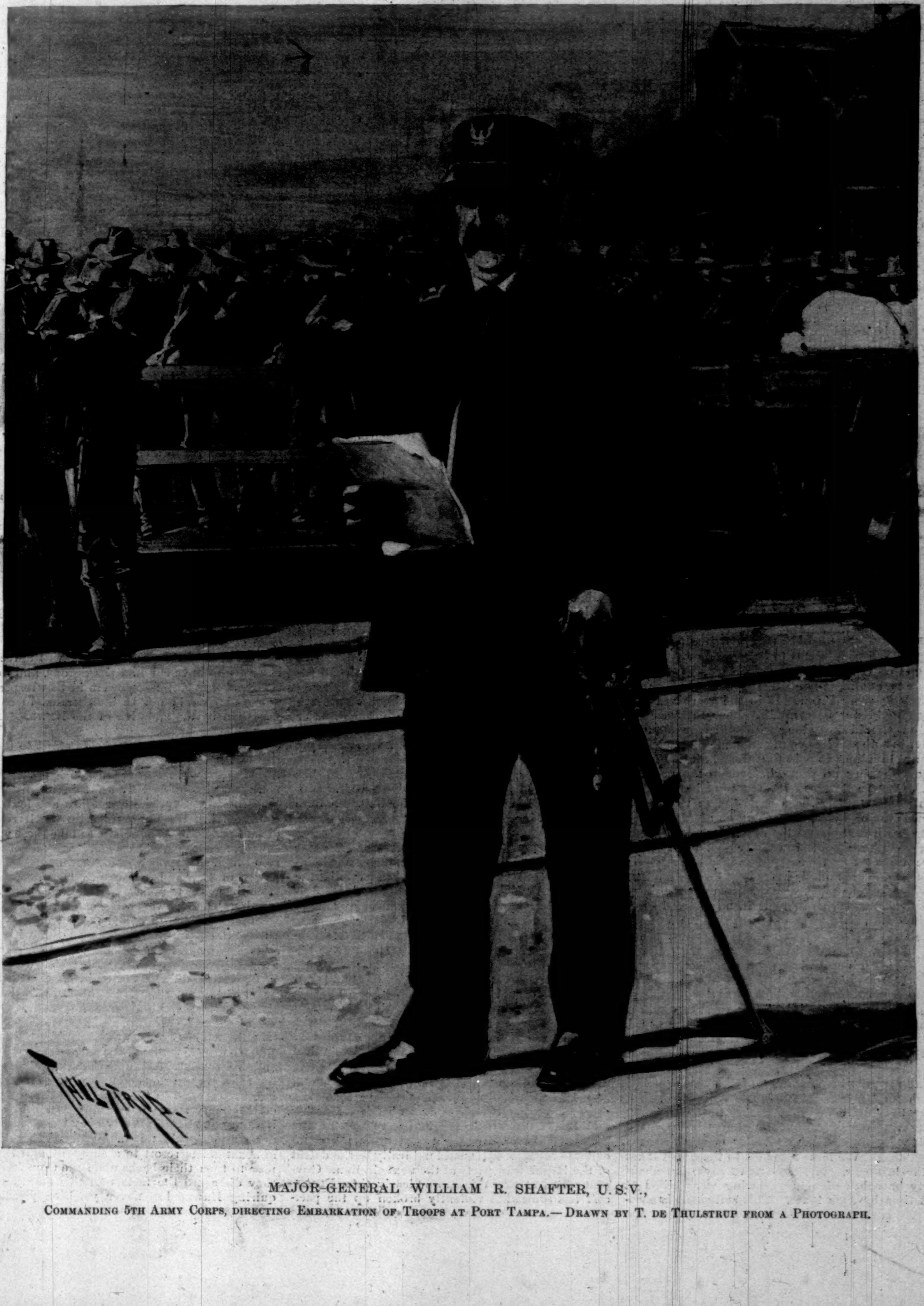


MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, U.S.V.,
Commanding 5th Army Corps, directing Embarkation of Troops at Port Tampa.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Photograph.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

New York City, July 2, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
CLYDE D. V. HUNT.	And Others.

Mr. Fox *and* Mr. Remington *are now with* General Shafter's *Army*, Messrs. Millet, Bass, *and* Davis *are on their way to the Philippines*, Mr. Hunt *is with the Cubans, and* Mr. Martin *at St. Thomas.*

As some of the daily newspapers have said, there is no obligation in international law resting on the Spanish authorities to exchange Hobson and his men for prisoners held by us. But there is an obligation in the code of ethics which governs the conduct of gentlemen, resulting from the promise made by Admiral Cervera that he would arrange for their exchange as soon as possible. It is getting to be more and more certain that there is nothing in "Spanish honor" except a subject for boastful conversation among Spaniards.

It is to be hoped and expected that the House of Representatives will pass the currency bill which has been reported by the Banking and Currency Committee, and which has been recommended by 140 Republicans. There are 203 Republican members of the House, and counting the remaining 63 as being opposed to the bill, there ought to be 39 sound-money Democrats who would make a majority for it in case of a full House. The bill does not go very far, but it takes some very important steps in the right direction, and especially it looks towards the retirement of government paper money and the substitution of banks for the Treasury as the source of demand notes. It also provides for the protection of the gold in the Treasury, and, in a word, starts the country off in the right direction towards a currency system of which we will not need to be ashamed, and which will not be a constant source of danger to the Treasury gold and to the business interests of the country.

The navy personnel bill still remains to be acted upon, but there seems to be little doubt that it will go through before the session comes to an end. This or something much better should have become a law long ago. Promotion in the army and the navy should not be stagnant either in peace or war, but should flow along with sufficient rapidity to give to both services young commanding officers. It is not invidious to note that the admirals of the navy are taking no part whatever in the present war. Captain Sampson is an acting admiral, and Admiral Dewey has been promoted to that rank on account of his achievement at Manila. All the men who are on the list of admirals are in the background, although it is only just to say that there are good and energetic men among them, and that one man on the retired list, Admiral John G. Walker, is probably as good a man for command rank to-day as there is in any navy in the world. But, as a rule, our commanding officers are all too old, and when the war broke out there was hardly a captain in our service who should not, for his proper training, have been commanding squadrons long ago. The present bill will not do much in this direction, but it will do something, and, like the currency bill, it is a good beginning. At all events, it will enable the department to rid the navy of some useless lumber, through retirements, and that is something.

There are some features of the war tax bill which Mr. Thomas Shearman has discussed in a letter to a daily newspaper, and they are worth thoughtful consideration, for they illustrate the wretchedly unscientific character of our methods of taxation. We have returned to the direct taxes of the last war. Mr. Shearman says that about thirty branches of manufacturing were killed at that time by such taxes. This statement is absolutely true, and is based upon the thorough and able investigation and report made by David A. Wells when he was connected with the Treasury Department. Some day, perhaps, our Congressmen and State legislators will realize that production and enterprise ought not to be taxed. Another tax imposed by Congress creates an additional difficulty in the way of the effort to reform our currency system. It is thoroughly well understood that the real evil from which remote agricultural communities suffer is the lack of banking facilities. In the farming communities of the more thickly populated Middle West, where small banks abound, the unsound-money cause cut a very slight figure in 1896. Its main strength was manifested in the more remote regions where banks are unknown. It has been generally believed by experts that the threatened danger to the currency of the country would be averted if the business of banking could be encouraged, but now, on the verge of a Congressional election, Congress passes a law taxing bank checks and discouraging banking. Thus, on further examination of the bill, and more careful consideration of its provisions, we find some evils that ought to have been avoided, but which are doubtless inevitable on account of the peculiar habit of thought which almost all of our law-makers have fallen into concerning the whole question of taxation.

The referendum vote on Australian federation has resulted thus far in the adoption of the constitution by three out of the four colonies that have voted. Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia ratify the scheme; New South Wales, though giving a majority in its favor, failed in the number of votes required by the conditions of the referendum. The vote stood over 70,000 for, and 65,000 against; but 80,000 was the limit to be reached. Western Australia does not vote until about the end of the year, and Queensland has not as yet made any provision for applying the referendum. The adoption of the constitution by any three of the colonies insures the establishment of federation so far as the three are concerned. With New South Wales left out the start will be somewhat discouraging; but, as far as that colony is concerned, the issue will be simplified by the knowledge that only 10,000 votes will need to be won over. Mr. Reid and some factious labor-leaders are believed to be responsible for the adverse stand temporarily taken by New South Wales. On the whole, results are encouraging. The federation of that continent is bound to come in the near future. It is instructive to recall the parallels between the centralizing and sectional forces at work in our own constitution-building of over a century ago and those which are now noticeable in Australia. The conditions precedent were of course different, as our own federation came into being under the stress of the war of independence, while the calm of unforced development has been the lot of Australia. But as it took a long time for the framers of our Constitution to agree upon a system, and as the difficulty of its ratification by the States was even greater, so in Australia there has been a similar experience. The local and parochial spirit has antagonized the feeling for nationalism; the paltry acts of the demagogue have been set against the constructive statesman. For twelve years discussion was carried on before a constitution was agreed upon, and there are yet three colonies which have to be educated to its acceptance, not counting New Zealand, which has refused to join the rest. It has been a slow process, but the forces which make for its success are natural and inevitable.

Apparently Governor Black and Senator Platt are really out with one another. This indicates not only that Platt has ceased to be the government of New York, but that Black is a better politician than he is, and much more capable of reading the signs of the times. It was reasonably certain, three months after Governor Black's election, that the people were disgusted with the Republican government, which was then Platt, and that the Democrats, if the next election had taken place then, would have been able to elect even Edward Murphy as Governor of the State, or, indeed, any man whom they might select. Politics were in a state that is usual in this country at this time. It was not a question as to how bad the "outs" were, but as to how bad the "ins" were, the "ins" being the only politicians who could be punished by being turned out. At that time there were evidences of a contract between Croker and Platt, by which the two were to rule the State and the city for their own profit. The inevitable result of this would naturally be the defeat of the Republican party at the next election. Governor Black saw this more clearly than Platt, and has somewhat violently broken up the partnership and relieved himself of the odium of his association. It is true that he has shown himself to be very far from an ideal character, and he will be a very old man before he lives down the reputation that he acquired by the appointment of "Lou" Payn as the head of the Insurance Department. The condition of politics in the State of New York just now is curious. In the Republican party we have Black representing the most effective opposition to Platt and his machine, and in the Democratic party we have Hill as the most vigorous opponent of Tammany. Whether Black is to capture the Republican convention or not remains to be seen. As to Hill, he is showing some of his old-time political skill, and Tammany Hall is very much alarmed lest it should have already, and in the absence of Croker at the English races, lost its chance of controlling the next State convention. Perhaps it does not argue much for the virtue of the State of New York that these two represent the virtuous element in its politics, but their antagonism to bosses, and their attempt to stand for decent public sentiment, show at least that there is something in virtue.

SEIZURE BY RESOLUTION.

It is probable that the issue of the coming elections for Congress is to be imperialism—that is, that all domestic questions are at least to be obscured by the overshadowing and engrossing subject of territorial expansion. Such a campaign will be interesting, and it will certainly excite the imaginations of the voters. That it is probable that the country is at the parting of the ways is evident from the enormous majority by which the House of Representatives passed the Newlands resolution "for annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States," the vote being 209 to 91, the affirmative vote being mainly Republican and the negative mainly Democratic, although the statement that the cleavage on this issue goes through the parties may possibly be sustained by the fact that three Republicans voted against the resolution, Speaker Reed, who was ill at home, sending word that he also would have voted no if he had been present, while 27 Democrats, Populists, and Silverites voted for it. It is reasonably certain, therefore, that there is great danger that the country is to enter upon a colonial policy—that is, in our judgment, it is to abandon the independent attitude which it has generally maintained towards the rest of the world, and is to adopt what may be briefly characterized as a simian policy, or a policy imitative of that which has created quarrelling European frontiers in Africa and Asia, and which has loaded the workers and producers of Europe with the burdens of militarism.

As to what we may be about to do in Hawaii, nothing so monstrous has been proposed to this country since Buchanan, Soulé, and Mason issued the famous Ostend manifesto concerning Cuba. Every American who believes in the fundamental principle of his government, that government exists by the consent of the governed, will agree that, if we are to have colonial possessions, and to rival the European military powers in this respect, the new policy could not be inaugurated in a worse way than by the adoption of the Newlands resolution.

What is the character of this effort to increase the territorial possessions of the United States? As formulated in this resolution it is brigandage pure and simple, and thus far in its history the United States Supreme Court has not found that Congress has the power to seize the territory of distant peoples. We propose to take these islands, simply because we want them, by means of a joint resolution. Chief-Justice Marshall held that the power of Congress to acquire territory resulted from the power to make war and the power to make treaties. These powers being conferred by the Constitution, there are implied the power to take security for the future from the country with which we may be at war, and the power to receive possessions from the country with which we bargain. But it will be difficult to find in the Constitution a grant of power to Congress to seize with its legislative grasp a foreign people's domain. We are not at war with Hawaii, and therefore we cannot take the territory as security from a hostile power. It is true that we might take the islands by treaty, and this would be the proper Constitutional method, but the annexationists cannot secure the necessary number of votes in the Senate for the ratification of the treaty which is pending. In other words, if Congress should strictly obey the Constitution, annexation could not take place. Therefore the annexationists resort to a short-cut, and they propose to turn their backs upon the Constitution, as they disregard the facts that this question of acquiring Hawaii has never yet been presented to the people of the United States for their votes, and that not a party platform in the last Presidential campaign suggested the annexation of the islands. At that time, only two years ago, it was admitted by the political managers of both parties that annexation would not be a winning issue. So keenly was this realized that the treaty, still before the Senate, lost so much of the support which it at first commanded that Senator **Davis** has practically abandoned it. In a word, this effort is, as we have said, to take a snap-judgment against the people, and it is probably resorted to because the politicians are now, as they were two years ago, afraid to put the question to the test of a popular vote.

The **Newlands** resolution is, moreover, a legislative assault upon Hawaii, and is contrary to the essential character of our own government. If our republic means anything, it is that the people of every country have the right to govern themselves. They have the right to determine the form of government under which they will live. We have insisted upon this right for ourselves; we have fought for it, and we have won it. Under what system of logic, then, can we reach the conclusion that we may deny to the Hawaiians what we have asserted for ourselves, under the general principle that every people in the world have the right "to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them?" We have set up our own government for our own affairs, and we have neither had the intention to govern others, nor have we the machinery to carry such an intention into effect. Our government has been self-government in good faith; but in the **Newlands** resolution it is proposed that we shall annex another people's country, and that, until Congress shall provide another government, the President, whose powers over his own countrymen are limited by the Constitution and by statutes, shall exercise absolute and despotic powers over the inhabitants of Hawaii. Strange as this may seem to those who believe that we have a republican form of government, and that it stands for the right of the people to govern themselves, this despotism is really proposed by Congress in the **Newlands** resolution in the following words: "Until Congress shall provide for the government of such islands, all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the existing government in said islands shall be vested in such person or persons, and shall be exercised in such manner, as the President of the United States shall direct; and the President shall have power to remove said officers, and fill the vacancies so occasioned." Congress, in other words, enacts that the lands of the Hawaiians shall belong to this country, and that the President shall have the power to remove the officers of the Hawaiian government, and, for a time at least, to exercise despotic powers over the people. Was there ever such a perversion of the principle on which the republic was founded?

The excuse for this proposed democratic excursion into absolutism is that the government of Hawaii has consented to it. But neither have the people of Hawaii consented to the pretended cession, which has really never been made, nor have the people of this country consented to accept it. In the first place, the government of Hawaii is a self-constituted power. It does not represent the freely expressed will of the people of the islands. So fearful were the men who seized upon the powers that in the Constitution, which is wholly the work of themselves and their friends, they inserted the strange provision that **Sandford B. Dole** should be the first President of the republic, and they provided that his successor should not be chosen until 1900. We have no criticism to make on this oligarchy. We are willing to admit that its government of the islands has been and will be better for the people than that of the monarchy was; that, in brief, it is the best possible form of government for the islands, and very much better than could be that of a distant and despotic American President or Congress. But when it comes to the question of annexation, this republic is bound, we think, to refuse a country offered to us by an oligarchy which not only does not represent the people, but which is acting, or attempting to act, against the expressed will of the people. There are in Hawaii 31,019 natives, 24,407 Japanese, and 21,616 Chinese, and most of these are opposed to the rule of the 3086 Americans and to their effort to transfer them to this country. Believe and say what we will against black and brown and yellow men, it has never before been contended that it is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to seize their lands and to put them under the rule of our President or our Congress.

POEM.

BY E. S. MARTIN.

Read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at Cambridge, June 30, 1898.

When forth the shepherd boy in Elah's vale
To meet Goliath fared, no coat of mail
Nor sword nor spear he took, nor anything
Except one little penny-dreadful sling.
His pebble sped; the big Philistine's fall
Gave humble means a license once for all,
And helps your bard a warrant to construe
To launch light verse at learned men like you.

. . . .

Masters of erudition, chosen sirs
Whose knowledge close with all that's known concurs,
Who taste all fruits on wisdom's tree that grow—
After all's said, what do we need to know?
Knowledge is power. What knowledge? Power for what?
To do, or not to do? To have, or not?
Shall learning make our hearts or pockets stout?
Bring things, or teach us how to go without?
Prompt us to spare, or qualify to spend?
Is it a means, or shall it be an end?

All day the Hindoo sits and contemplates
His navel. Earth spins onward while he waits.
No loss of time his brooding hope concerns;
His concentrated thought serves all his turns—
His food, the least that soul and body joins;
His raiment, but the clout about his loins.
To think is all he asks; indeed, it's more—
He only seeks to keep an open door
Whereinto may perhaps in time be turned
A consciousness transcending all things learned.
Heedless of force, oblivious to fact,
Broken of every wish or power to act,
Under his bo-tree, rapt, behold him sit,
A patient mark for wisdom's darts to hit.

In violent, prodigious contrast, view
Our devotee who lives to put things through!
Intense in aim, tremendous in attempt,
He dares such feats as genies might have dreamt.
Prompt from a bed too briefly kept he springs
To giant struggles with material things.
He wrests from earth her treasures and her fruits,
Stays time, and grubs up distance by the roots.
Titanic in his hands' resourceful play,
He fits to needs a thousand leagues away
Supplies extorted by his conjuring brain
From mine and factory, forest, sea, and plain.
As nature's secrets, yielded one by one
To searching science, meet the revealing sun,
His hail exultant glorifies the hour
That still extends the boundaries of his power.
To have, to hold, to shift, to give and take,
And from each transfer still a profit make—
That is his life: we watch him and admire,
Yet envy not his toil nor grudge his hire.

To each his task: our civilization's need
Includes things as diverse as love and greed,
As brooding thought and bustling energy,
As abstract truth and prompt utility.
His right to earth is best who best can use it;
His birthright man must justify or lose it.
This we should learn, then, and to this end strive,
Living to keep continuously alive,
And daily meet the debt we owe the day—
That irksome wholesome debt to make it pay.
Call us utilitarian those who will,
A warrant for our Yankee impulse still
Stands in the immemorial decree
That linked with labor human life shall be.
For liberty and progress hand in hand
With pushing thrift have gone in many a land,
And mastery of earth and nature brings
The key to endless stores of precious things.
Full purses foster art; letters have flourished
In times when even poets were well nourished.
Wealth earned, not filched, power not usurped, but based
On freemen's choice, are mighty tools that, placed
In fitting hands, spread civilization's sway,
And speed the dawning of millennium's day.

Be honor, then, to him who makes the field
To wiser tillage fuller harvests yield;
Who harnesses the lightning, and constrains
Indocile steel to save the fingers' pains;
Who teaches us new wants, and, turn about,
Supplies these things we cannot do without,
And makes us hope, so much do wares abound,
There'll some time be enough to go around.
To those devoted souls be honor too
Who steadfastly the quest for truth pursue;
Who, rifling history's treasure-house, forecast
The future's hopes and perils from the past;
Who seek creation's darkest depths to plumb.
What man has been, and is, and may become,
Whence brought, and by what trail, and whither bound.
Asking, they wrest its secrets from the ground.
The depths of earth and sea, the celestial vault,
They dredge and sift and span in an assault
So fierce and steady that the hosts of night
Fall ever back before its fervent might,
And Sol each morning rises with a shout,
Surprised at what those fellows have found out.

But honor more be his whose instincts own
The truth, "Man cannot live by bread alone";
Who sees in righteousness, far more than wealth,
The prime essential to a nation's health;
Whom neither ease nor quest, sublime or base,
Makes inconsiderate of his brother's case;
Whose effort is, come plenty or come dearth,
God's will to learn, and see it done on earth.
A lack of sturdy men whose aims are high
No surging tide of plenty can supply.
Doomed is the state, whatever its avails,
Where probity falls down and conscience fails.
Not gold nor iron, grain nor ships nor coal,
Can make a nation great that lacks a soul.
This above all, then, brethren, we should know,
How by our growth to make our country grow
In that true glory whose foundations lie
In justice, freedom, and integrity—
Our country whose we are, and in whose fate
Our stake is so immeasurably great,
Whose honor ours involves, her fame our fame,
Her misdirection our remorse and shame.
Manila's guns, reverberating still,
Witness how well her sons can do her will.
Beleaguered Cuba's marching hosts attest
How swells the love of freedom in her breast.
Whate'er befall, God grant her flag may fly
In sign of righteousness and liberty,
Ne'er at ambition's beck to be unfurled
In triumph o'er the weaklings of the world,
Ne'er borne in battle save in mercy's cause
To spread the realm of peace and honest laws!
May Heaven, who gave us strength, give wisdom too,
Our duty teach us, and what not to do;
And so on force may moderation wait—
So match our men of war, our chiefs of state.
That the chief fame our victories shall produce
May be the high renown of victory's use;
So be our arms, our flag, our future blest—
God save the Great Republic of the West!

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, June 18.—A report that the insurgents of the Philippines have determined to form a republic is much commented upon at Washington, London, and Madrid. It is not regarded as probable that the inhabitants of the various islands forming the archipelago, who differ widely in race, language, religion, and customs, can establish a stable native government; but the suggestion is made that this intention or disposition of the insurgents to act independently may give rise to new complications. At Old Cavite, on June 12, the insurgents proclaimed a provisional government. The islands were declared independent of Spanish authority. Aguinaldo was elected President.

Sunday, June 19.—A despatch from Hong-kong states that the steamer *Yuen Sang*, which arrived at that port to-day, sighted the American transport *City of Peking* on June 15. The latter vessel, having on board the First Regiment of California volunteers, was then only one day's sail from Manila.

From Guantanamo and Santiago de Cuba the news received shows steady improvement in the situation of our marines up to the end of the week. The camp has been strengthened with more trenches. The Spanish attacks have been less vigorous. One hundred more Cubans have arrived. Camp McCalla, now called "Fort" McCalla, is healthy. The support of our vessels continues to be most effective, the *Texas*, *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, *St. Paul*, *Dolphin*, and *Suwanee* shelling the forts and town, and using their guns to prevent the enemy from massing at any point on or near the outer bay—which may therefore be regarded as now practically in our possession. West of Santiago five hundred Cubans, encamped near the shore, are in regular communication with Admiral Sampson's fleet. Supplies of arms, ammunition, and medicine have been sent to the Cuban allies from time to time.

Consul Sprague cabled from Gibraltar to the State Department that Camara's war-ships (the "Cadiz Reserve Squadron") were at Cartagena.

A manifesto in favor of peace, issued by a number of influential associations in Catalonia, the industrial province of Spain, includes the following statements: "It would be better to consent to amputation [loss of colonies] than to continue a war that must be fertile in disasters. . . . Peace alone can prevent the utter annihilation of the Spanish nation."

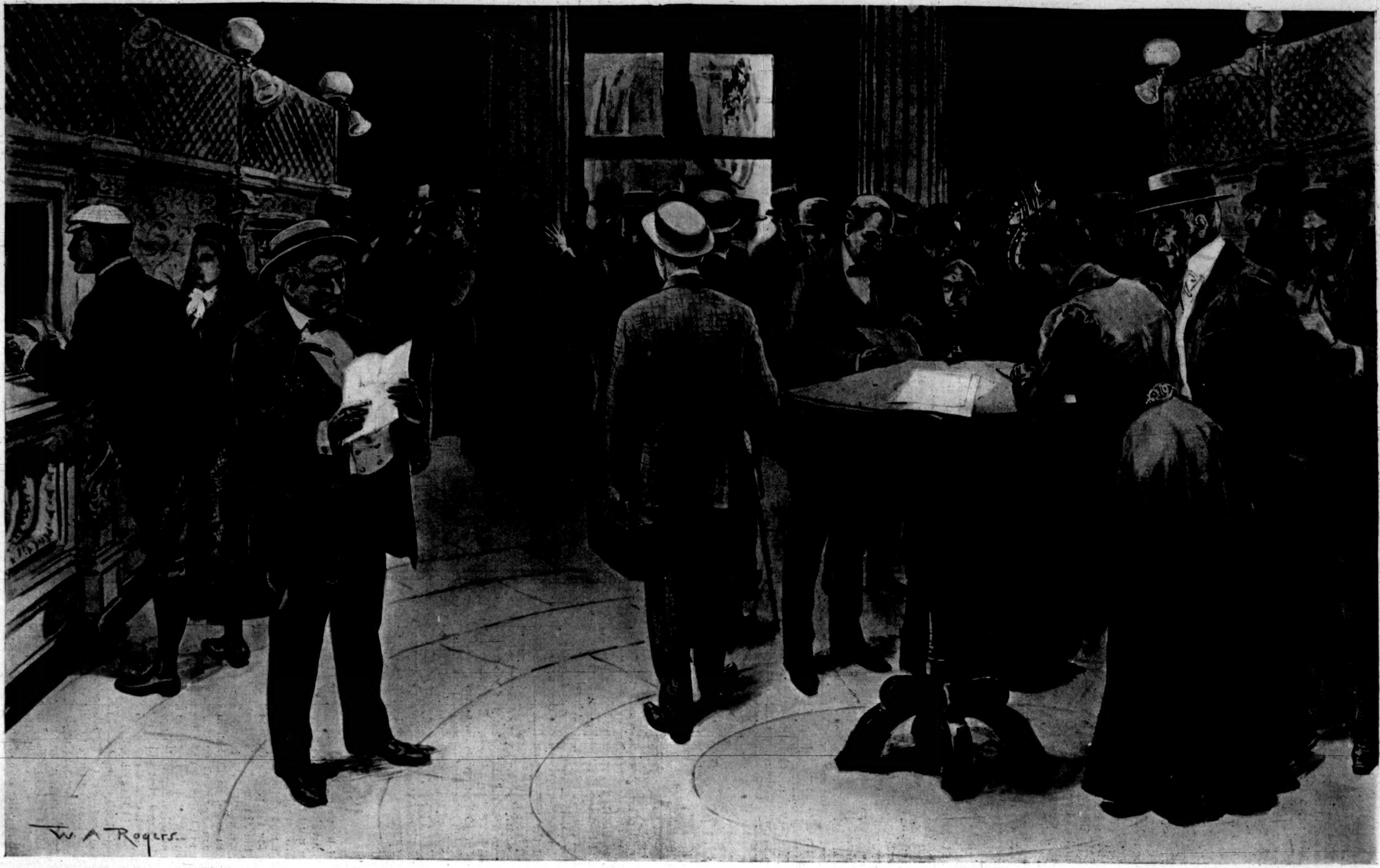
Monday, June 20.—The following despatch was received at Washington from Commodore Watson, commanding the vessels blockading the northern coast of Cuba: "Captain-General states Spanish government refuses to exchange prisoners." This message relates to the negotiations for the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his companions who fell into the hands of the Spaniards after sinking the *Merrimac*. After their capture they were imprisoned in Morro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and were kept there (a despatch to the *Herald* from the British consul at Santiago, Mr. F. W. Ramsden, says) while lodgings for them were being prepared in the barracks, which are in the city. Accordingly they were locked in the Morro during the bombardment by our fleet on June 6. On June 7 they were moved to the barracks.

The President's nominations of Adelbert Ames, of Massachusetts, and Joseph W. Plume, of New Jersey, to be Brigadier-Generals, were taken to the Senate.

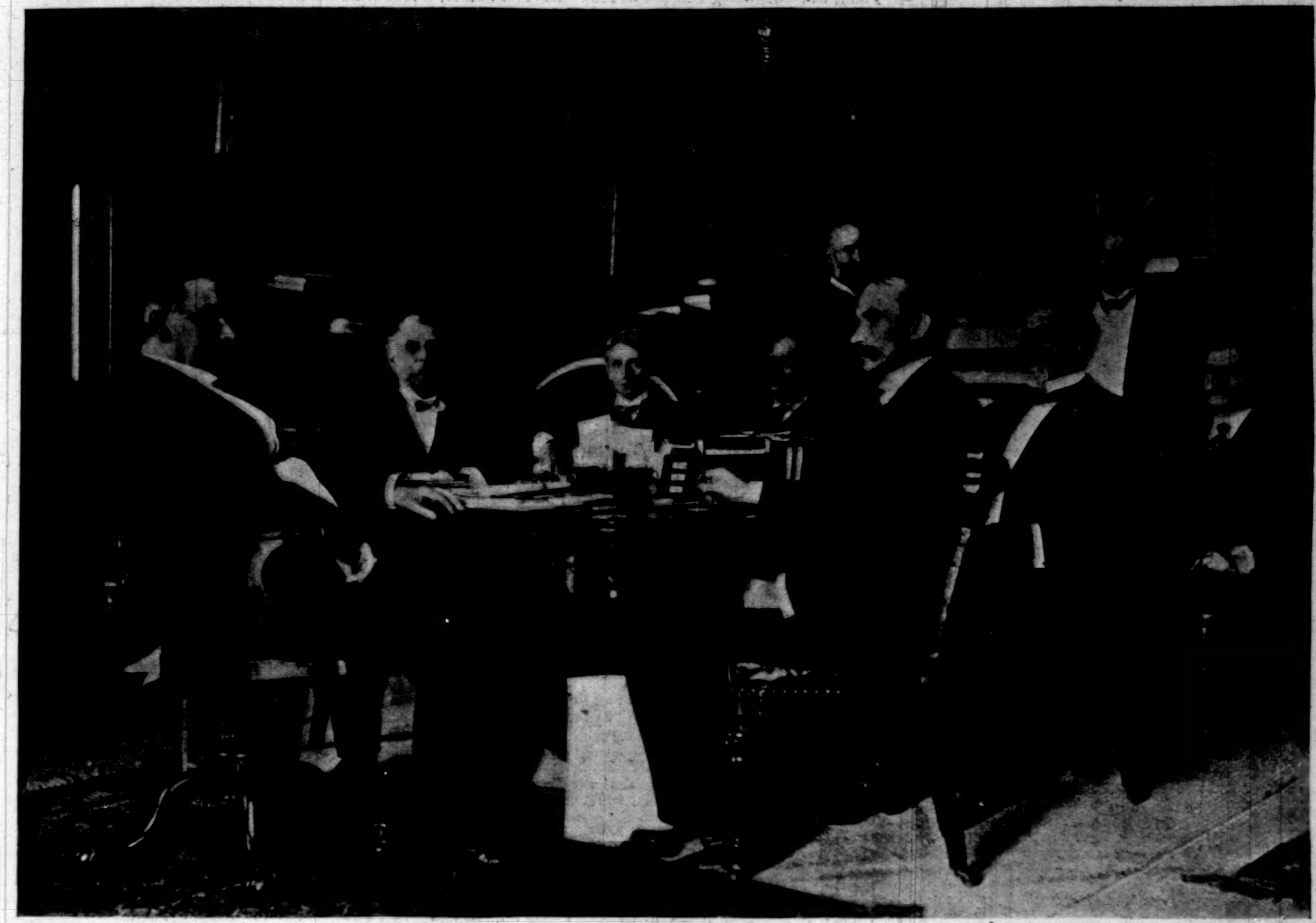
It is reported, *viá* Hong-kong, that General Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has informed United States Consul Williams of the formation of a provisional government, merely for cohesive purposes, and has notified him of the desire of the insurgents that the Philippine Islands become an American colony.

The transports carrying the first division of the army of invasion, commanded by General Shafter, arrived off Santiago de Cuba at noon to-day. Ranged in a line that stretched out over eight miles, with the battle-ship *Indiana* on the extreme right, and the other men-of-war on guard, the entire fleet advanced from the southeast, wheeling into single file to pass the flag-ship with salutes, and then withdrawing to a distance of twelve to fifteen miles from Sampson's squadron, where it was hove to by advice of the Admiral. General Shafter went forward on the *Segurança* to a conference on the flag-ship. Admiral Sampson returning with him later to the *Segurança*, the transport proceeded westward almost immediately to Aserradero, which lies on the coast about twenty-five miles from the city of Santiago, or about eighteen from the mouth of the harbor. At Aserradero General Calixto García, with about four thousand Cuban soldiers, had arrived—not "coincidentally," as some despatches state, but in accordance with an agreement entered into with our government, and plans for co-operation discussed when Lieutenant Rowan visited the old General at Bayamo, May 1, as related on another page of this issue of the **Weekly**. Accordingly General Shafter, Admiral Sampson, and General García held a long conference "under the palm-leaf roof of an open hut" at Aserradero in the afternoon. The two American commanders returned to the fleet in the evening.

(*Continued on page 652.*)



BUYING WAR BONDS AT THE SUB-TREASURY, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.


John D. Long,
Secretary of the Navy.
James Wilson,
Secretary of Agriculture.
Cornelius N. Bliss,
Secretary of Interior.
Lyman T. Gage,
Secretary of the Treasury.
John W. Griggs,
Attorney-General.
William R. Day,
Secretary of State.
Russell A. Alger,
Secretary of War.
Charles Emory Smith,
Postmaster-General.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET, IN THE CABINET-ROOM, EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

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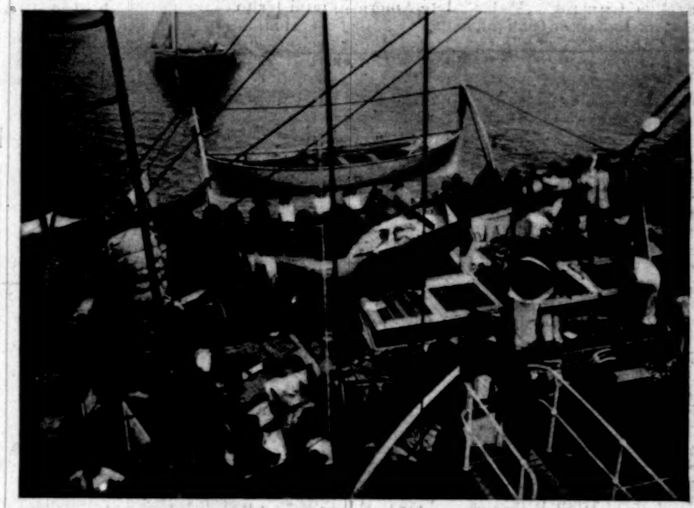
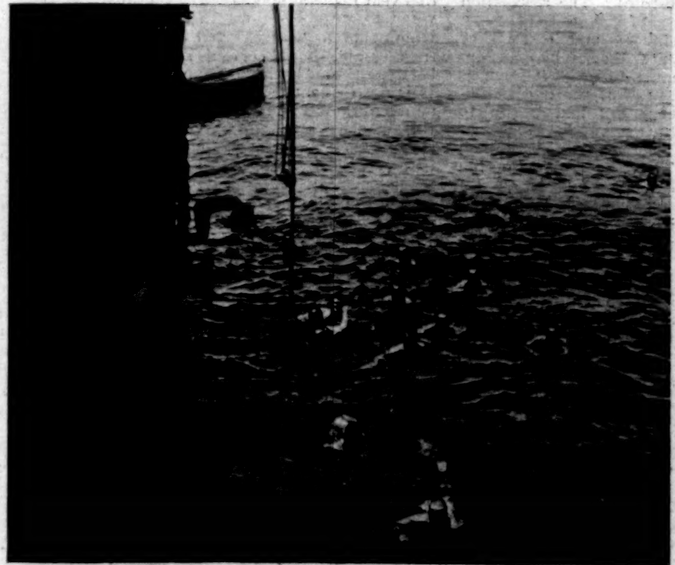
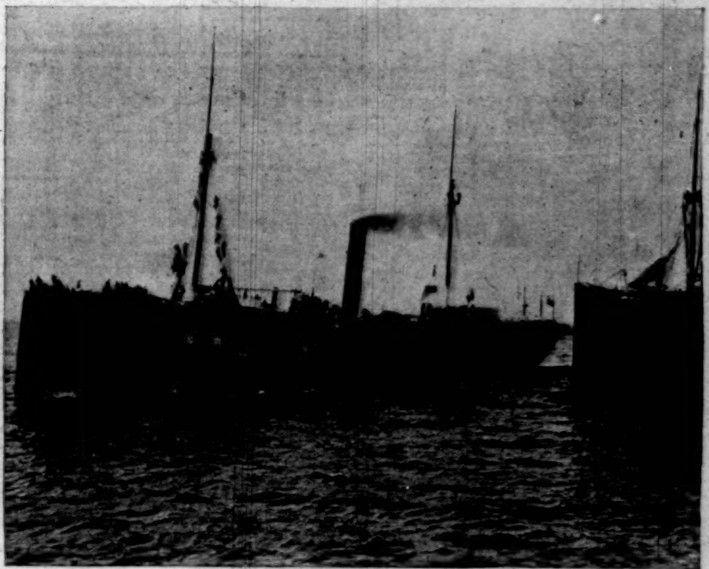


ON THE DECK OF A TROOP-SHIP.

MEN OF THE 71st NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS CHEERING TROOPS ON ANOTHER TRANSPORT.



THE MORNING BATH—SOLDIERS SWIMMING BY THE SIDE OF A TROOP-SHIP.



THE "RIO GRANDE," WITH GENERAL SUMNER AND STAFF AND 3d AND 6th U. S. CAVALRY.

OFF FOR CUBA WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S TROOPS—LIFE ON THE TRANSPORTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH THE EXPEDITION.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The unfavorable impression formed by Mr. R. H. Davis of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's reports of the recent condition of things at Tampa is not shared by all observers. A Florida correspondent, who writes under date of June 8, says of Mr. Bigelow:

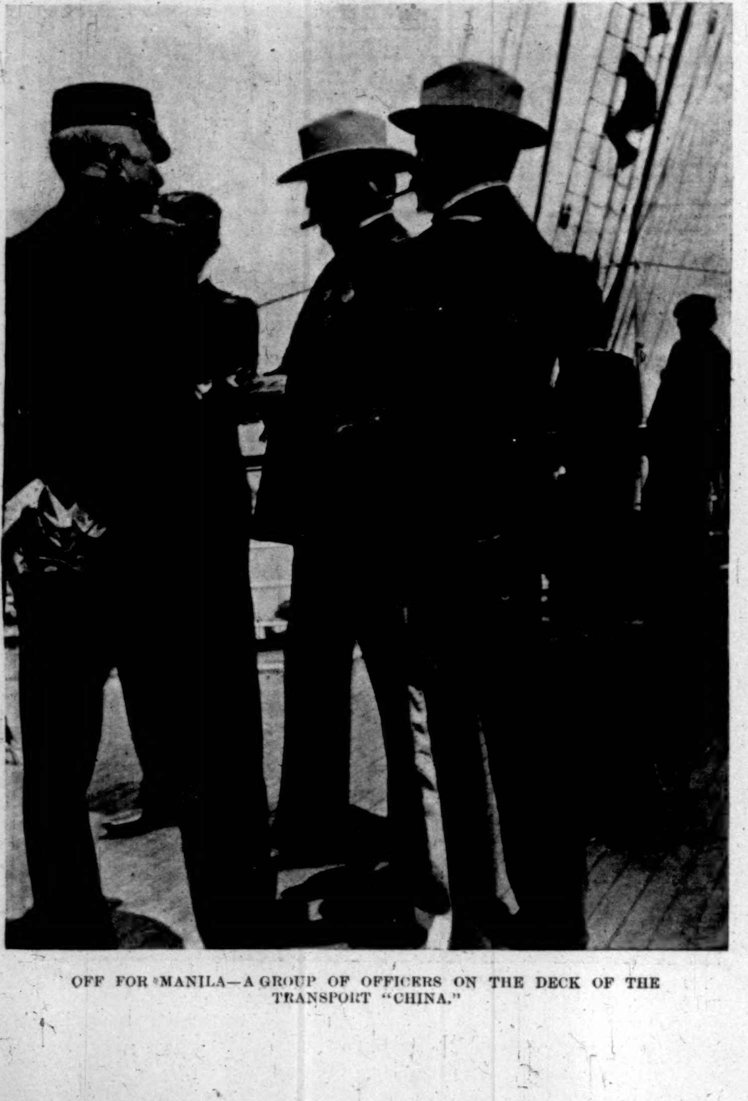
> Every word he has said is true, and he has by no means told the whole story. His letter in Harper's Weekly is mild compared with the statement made to me by an officer just returned from Tampa.... When the time comes to preach a sermon on the remedy, the text must be, "A permanent tenure of staff positions is fatal to military efficiency." That is the source of all our woes.

In a letter dated June 9, from Cambridge, England, Dr. Merrill E. Gates resigned the presidency of Amherst College. He points out that the financial condition of the college has greatly improved during the eight years of his presidency; that the number of students is greater, the equipment better, and that the prospects of the institution are very bright. His own health, he says, has improved since he went abroad, but he asks to be relieved of the burden which he has borne for eight years, and desires that his resignation may take effect at the close of his year's leave of absence, now in progress.

Dr. Gates's letter is dignified, and without suggestion of complaint. No doubt his resignation is wise, and as much for his own interest as for that of Amherst College. It remains for the future to determine whether some other gentleman will be able to govern Amherst more to the satisfaction of the governed than Dr. Gates has done. To go to Amherst he resigned the presidency of Rutgers College and declined the presidency of Oberlin College. His resignation in a measure leaves Amherst on trial. It will be necessary for her to demonstrate now that she is not an aggregation of warring elements which no college president can reconcile.

There is a rumor that Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews is likely to resign the presidency of Brown University in order to become superintendent of the public schools of Chicago. If that should happen, there will be another New England college presidency to fill. As an educator Dr. Andrews has been decidedly successful. In Chicago he would find a great and important field of professional labor, as well as probably an atmosphere somewhat more congenial than that of Providence to a statesman of his fiscal and political preferences.

In the *Columbia University Bulletin* Mr. H. G. Paine has something interesting to tell about distinguished sons of Columbia who matriculated but did not stay to finish their course. Chief among them was Alexander Hamilton, who left King's College in 1776 to be a captain of artillery in the Continental army. In more recent years the list includes a score of captains of the civil war, among them General John Watts de Peyster, General Henry M. Judah, Colonel Augustus Van Horn Ellis (killed at Gettysburg), and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who founded the New York Trade-School. Captain Mahan was a Columbia man for a year, and left the class of '58 to enter the Naval Academy. Captain Charles King, too, began at Columbia, but veered off to West Point, where he was graduated in 1865. Another author, John Fox, Jr., was a member of the Columbia class of '89. Other names which are in Columbia's books, though not in her catalogue of alumni, are those of Judge George C. Barrett, '55, Abram J. Dittenhoefer, '55, Bishop John Hobart Brown, '52 (of Fond du Lac), Lockwood de Forest, '72 (artist), John Johnson, '79 (artist), William O. Partridge, '85 (sculptor), Professor George Benton Newcomb, '56, Worthington C. Ford, '79, William H. Vanderbilt, '41, John A. Stewart, '42, and Frederick Newbold Lawrence, '54.



OFF FOR MANILA—A GROUP OF OFFICERS ON THE DECK OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

Four officers of the college (including Mr. McKinley's Assistant Secretary of State) are doing work for the government in connection with the present war, and this year's class poet had to get leave of absence from the naval reserves to read his poem on class day.

The picture of Major-General Lee and his staff which appears in this issue of the Weekly was taken at Camp Cuba Libre, at Jacksonville. General Lee commands the Seventh Corps of our volunteer army, one division of which, the Second, was at Jacksonville when the picture was taken. The other two divisions were expected there, and may have joined the Second before now. The Second Division includes three brigades of three regiments each, hailing from Illinois (2), New Jersey, North Carolina, Iowa (2), Wisconsin, and Virginia (2), and numbering in all about ten thousand men. The corps has its Hospital Corps, under Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, which divides into three division hospitals, and employs about one thousand men, besides several hundred mules, horses, ambulances, and the like.

Camp Cuba Libre (so named by General Lee) is about a mile from the centre of Jacksonville, is well shaded, and gets some of the salt breezes from the ocean, twenty miles away. It is reported that the Northern and Western soldiers there have been agreeably disappointed in the summer climate of Florida. They expected to find it seething hot all the time, whereas, so far, the heat has rarely been extreme, even at mid-day, and there have been cooling showers, and the nights have been usually comfortable. Among the troops gathered from many different States in such a camp as Cuba Libre are all sorts and conditions of men, accustomed to very different work and standards of living, and doubtless qualified to profit by the new ideas which their novel war experiences and associations will bring them.

Among the officers of General Lee's staff are Lieutenant-Colonel Maus, Chief Surgeon, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Chief Commissary, Major von Schroeder, Chief Quartermaster, and Major Livermore, Chief Engineer, all of whom are officers of the regular army. Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis Guild, Jr., Inspector-General, is the publisher of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, and has had military experience in the National Guard of Massachusetts. Major Russell B. Harrison, Assistant Inspector-General, has had twelve years' experience in the National Guard of three States. Major Hobart, Assistant Adjutant-General, is a nephew of the Vice-President. Lieutenant Sartoris is a grandson of General Grant. Lieutenant Carbonell is a Cuban, who speaks Spanish fluently. He is the officer who lately married Miss Evangelina Cisneros. Major Gary Evans, lately appointed Assistant Inspector-General, was formerly Governor of South Carolina. Neither he nor Colonel Maus appears in the picture.

An incident of Commencement at Cornell, to which the Weekly's attention has been directed, was the gift to the university of a portrait of the late Professor Herbert Tuttle, the historian of Prussia. It hangs in the university library, in the seminary room for European history, where Professor Tuttle did his most satisfying work as a teacher. The portrait was painted by Professor Tuttle's widow, who has given it to the university. It is highly praised, both as a painting and as a likeness.

The Merchants' Association expects its out-of-town members to visit New York in September, and has arranged with the railroads to bring them from points as far west as Chicago and St. Louis and take them home again for a fare and one-third. The association has 27,000 out-of-town members, and enough of them will come here in September to make it seem at times as if the city's summer exiles had begun to return.

The George Washington Memorial Association (of women), which lately held its semi-annual convention at Cambridge Springs in Pennsylvania, is the invention of Mrs. Ellen M. Richardson, of Boston, and has for its purpose the establishment at Washington of a national university, chiefly, it would seem, for postgraduate study. George Washington left a bequest of $25,000 for a school for higher education, but the money was lost. This memorial association proposes to carry out his purpose—or something as nearly like it as contemporary demands call for—and its immediate desire is to get together $250,000 to build in Washington an administration building wherein the new university may find its first home. There is a committee of one hundred (men), of the executive committee of which Chief-Justice Fuller is chairman, which has been organized to promote the same intention. Next year comes the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, and it is hoped that by that time the work will be provided for.

A friend of the Weekly writes that most people know the marks of military rank in the army, but that the marks of naval rank are not so well known, and may be worth stating for the public benefit.

The marks are the same now in both branches of the service. The eagle on the shoulder-strap means colonel in the army or captain in the navy; the silver leaf means lieutenant-colonel in the army or commander in the navy; the gold leaf means major in the army or lieutenant-commander in the navy; two silver bars mean captain in the army or lieutenant in the navy; one silver bar means first lieutenant in the army or lieutenant (junior grade) in the navy; second lieutenant in the army corresponds to ensign in the navy, and both wear the plain shoulder-strap. The special badge of the navy is the anchor on the coat collar.

BRIG.-GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE ON THE BRIDGE OF THE TRANSPORT "CHINA."

In the higher grades, commodore, rear-admiral, and vice-admiral correspond respectively to brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general, and are respectively indicated by one star, two stars, and three stars.

The Bangkok (Siam) *Times* of April 7 pays a profuse and eloquent tribute to the "splendid abilities" and general efficiency and devotion of the Hon. John Barrett, the late American minister to Siam, as shown in his management of the general affairs of his legation, and in particular of the Cheek case, which through his efforts was brought, after years of dispute, to arbitration, and settled in favor of the estate of the plaintiff. It was the suit of an American citizen, deceased, against the government of Siam. Nearly the whole number of the *Times* is given up to praises of Mr. Barrett, who at the date of issue was about leaving for Hong-kong to meet his successor. He certainly went out in a blaze of glory, and must have reached Hong-kong about the time that Admiral Dewey left there for Manila.

A reader of the Weekly who was in Havana in 1889 tells of being an amused spectator at the morning inspections of the Havana Volunteers. He says: "The first morning, I noticed that after the officers had inspected the front rank of one company and had gone on to the next, a good many of the men who had first been inspected changed places with their mates in the rear rank, and were inspected again on the return of the officers by the rear. I found this shifting of places happened every morning, and the conclusion was unavoidable that the most presentable Volunteers always lined up first in the front rank, and then swapped places with companions of the rear who were less fit to bear scrutiny."

There is a prospect, it seems, that Princeton graduates may have something to say about the management of Princeton University. They have wanted a voice in university affairs these many years, and at Commencement this year it was announced that the Board of Trustees had voted to empower them to choose a council of fifteen, which should be authorized to make suggestions to the trustees, and should serve as a medium of communication between the authorities of the institution and the alumni. It is not evident as yet that the council is to have any actual authority; but even if that is so, it will still be useful, since it gives the graduates a chance for the expression of their sentiments, and the sentiments of the graduates, officially expressed, must have great weight in the management of almost any institution that is merely educational, and not penal or corrective. The new Princeton council will, apparently, be something like the Harvard Board of Overseers, a body whereof the legal power is supposed to be very limited, though its influence is amply sufficient to justify its existence.

The late Colonel Rufus King Case, U.S.A., chief clerk of the Quartermaster's Department of the East, seems to have lost his life as clearly in the service of the country as though he had fallen in battle. He died, it appears, from pneumonia, a result really of many weeks of overwork. What the stress of labor in the Quartermaster's Department of our army must have been during the last three months is easily conceived by any imaginative person. In this instance it has brought a fatal result.

Colonel Case, who was fifty-eight years old, was a veteran of the civil war, and had been for over thirty years in the Quartermaster's Department.

Unusual things continue to happen to Sir Henry Irving. Three years ago he was knighted; the other day Cambridge University (England) made him an LL.D. He had been appointed Rede lecturer to the university, and the degree was conferred upon him after his first lecture. This new honor, like his knighthood, is pointed to as a mark of recognition of the place that the stage has lately won in English life. Perhaps so; but an equally reasonable opinion seems to be that it is a recognition of the unusual quality of Sir Henry's mind. A good actor might be made a Jubilee knight because he was a good actor and deserved promotion, but that would hardly warrant making him an LL.D. Sir Henry's intellectuality, his accomplishments, and his ability to say things out of his own head which it is profitable to hear, are warrant enough for his doctorate.

The University of Rochester has announced its willingness to admit woman to all its privileges, but says she must bring with her a dowry. The new policy will be put into effect, say the trustees in their resolution, "when the women of Rochester shall raise the necessary funds for the use of the university, estimated at $100,000." The women of Rochester who want coeducation in their local college have taken note of the trustees' condition, and propose to satisfy it. Whether this is a good time to raise money or not doubtless depends largely on what the money is for. It is a good enough time to raise funds for Red Cross Relief, and it has lately been demonstrated that there is plenty of money available to buy government bonds, but some givers may feel that it will be time enough after the war to provide for more higher education for women. Nevertheless, the women of Rochester propose to find out forthwith whether money can be raised in war-times for anything but soldiering or not.

OFF FOR MANILA—ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "CHINA"—THE LAST VIEW OF HOME.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, has not found the times unpropitious for raising educational funds. A few weeks ago he sent out notice that his schools at Northfield needed money, and his circular was hardly distributed before he received $100,000 from a single supporter, whose name has been withheld.

Whether the Seventh Regiment of New York gets into the national service or not, it ought to feel that its position has been improved. The reason given for not yielding to its desire to be included in the last lot of troops furnished by the State of New York to the national government was that it was needed at home, and should not be sent out of a State with an Atlantic coast line and with great cities to be protected, both from possible invasion and from internal disorder. New York has sent out so large a proportion of her home-grown and home-trained soldiers that her desire to retain some of the most efficient of those that are left is reasonable, and must be easily understood by any thinking person. However reluctant the Seventh may be to stay at home, it is a compliment to it this time not to be sent away.

There is a party in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which does not consider Lady Henry Somerset a suitable person for president of the organization. At present she is its vice-president at large, and, since Miss Willard's death, has been the acting president. To defeat her election as president next fall a documentary campaign has been begun, wherein it is pointed out that Lady Henry, though personally an abstainer, until the beginning of the present year allowed wine to appear on her table; that she does not consider it necessary for all persons to become abstainers; that she does not wish all drinking-places to be closed; that she does not wish the bars of public-houses to be closed all day on Sundays; that she is insufficiently strict in her demands against selling intoxicants to minors; that she does not favor prohibition; and that she receives revenue from two or three beer-houses on her own estates.

It is explained that she allowed wine to appear on her table so long as her son continued to live with her, because he wished it, and that the beer-houses on her estates hold underground leases which she cannot control. But it is also explained that she does not consider drinking to be sinful in itself, that she does not believe in making teetotalers by act of Parliament, and that she does not believe it would be just to close all public-houses all day on Sunday while clubs are left open. This last expedient, she thinks, would be class legislation.

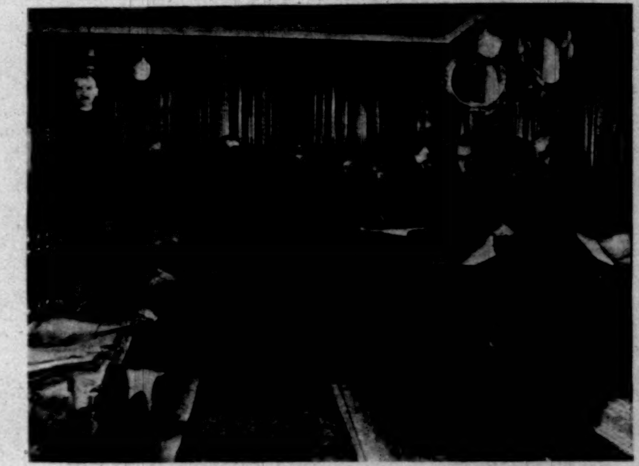
These latter explanations explain too much. They demonstrate that Lady Henry's convictions vary in important particulars from those of the majority of the members of the W. C. T. U. in this country, and that she will not be a suitable person to be president of an organization which includes the American W. C. T. U. until the rank and file of the American society are able to amend their views. Lady Henry's opinions, as they are explained, seem very sensible. It seems a pity that the Temperance Union in America is so far from sharing them.

Bishop Huntington's address at the opening of the Central New York Diocesan Convention (Episcopal) on June 14 contains one short paragraph about the war, observing that, in so far as its motive is humane, it presents a spectacle of national altruism wellnigh unprecedented in history. The Bishop says:

> Nobody but fools can expect it to be ended till the Spanish despotism is broken. Nobody but fiends can wish it to be prolonged. Nobody but atheists can doubt that it will be overruled by Almighty God. Nobody but traitors can refuse to share patriotically in its sacrifices.

These, on the whole, are comforting sentiments, especially the one which counts so confidently on an overruling Providence. We seem to have good reason to think that, in so far as fighting goes, we can manage the Spaniard without special direction, for that seems a job for which orders have already been issued and arrangements made. But what is to follow is very hard guessing, and there must be a great many thousand Americans whose meditations are such that their peace of mind may be promoted by the venerable bishop's confidence that the Lord's hand will appear in the settlement.

E. S. MARTIN.



THE LAST LETTERS FROM HOME.

OFF FOR MANILA.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "CHINA" IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY. SENT BACK BY PILOT-BOAT. *June 14.*

MARKET STREET is packed with pushing, eager spectators. 'Way up above the people, on the sky-pointing *Call* Building, a little cannon pounds its monotonous salute to the troops who are marching down from Camp Merritt to embark on their long journey to the Philippines. On opposite corners of the street two noisy bands, proudly testifying to the patriotism of advertising agents, drown each other in a hurly-burly of chaotic dissonance. The street cars, blocked, begin to stretch out in a broken line of yellow, green, and red. Now the crowd opens in the middle of the street and crushes back to the sidewalks. With guidon flying, the Utah Light Battery comes swinging around the corner, in the lead. The people cheer, and push out again close to the marching line. A tall girl flaps a highly scented handkerchief close to the soldiers' faces in odoriferous farewell.

The boys have already marched some miles under the hot sun; their brown manly faces are streaked with dirt. They are heavily loaded with knapsacks and ammunition, and over the shoulder is strapped in hot bulk the blue-gray blanket. Some men have engaged the willing services of the street arabs to carry extra rifles, bags, and other impedimenta. These small citizens, proud to help the nation's warriors, stretch their short legs in a vain endeavor to keep step. The spectators press so closely about the marching troops that one soldier shouts out, "Give us more air!"

About the docks those who cannot get inside stand around envying the more fortunate personal friends of the soldiers who are allowed to pass inside of the cordon. The regiments are stretched along the dock, seated on their unrolled blankets, while good angels from the Red Cross, with bright-colored dress and dishevelled hair, hurry about, pitcher and basket in hand, administering to the soldiers' wants. There is a decided smell of bread and butter about the place. Friends squat around the volunteers in groups. The good-looking soldier has a girl on each side, and is weighted down with flowers and good things.

All day the ships are loading. Cannon swing in the air, bump against the ship's side, and finally land on the deck. At last every man is on board, and amidst great shouting and blowing of whistles the boats move into the bay and anchor.

The night is very warm, and every one is uncomfortable, but happy in the thought that he is among those chosen to start. The men have not been assigned to their bunks yet, and they are packed about like sardines on the deck. A concert is organized, and all join boisterously in the chorus. At last taps are sounded and lights are out, and the men try to find a soft place on the smooth boards. On the deck above, the officers pace up and down, smoking and telling yarns, while the ship swings lazily in the tide.

June 15.

Next morning. The ships woke up with the first gray of dawning. "Jimmy Green" drinks his coffee and chews his hardtack. The sun comes up, and soon the decks are sweltering hot, with no wind blowing. The soldier throws off his coat, and seeks every convenient shelter to write his farewell letter home.

At noon a great tugboat comes puffing up alongside, bringing a crowd of enthusiastic Red Cross girls waving flags and throwing flowers. The quizzical old captain at my side whispers in my ear, "The women are having the time of their life, but they have done lots of good."

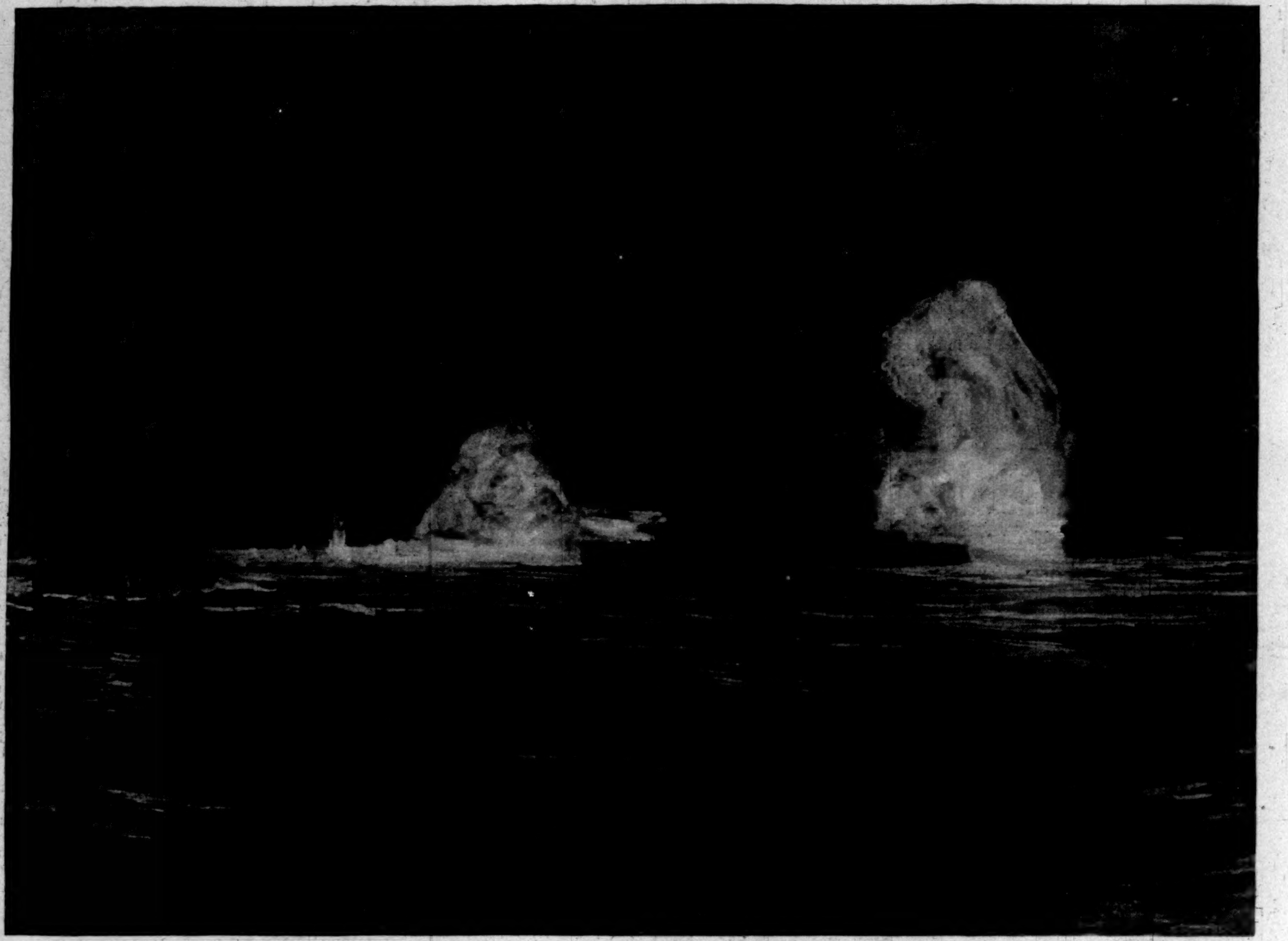
The soldiers run up in the rigging and crowd to the edge of the boat as the tug bumps up against our side. The girls throw flowers and packages of good things among us. Other tugs and pleasure-boats come out and surround us, until we are the centre of a little fleet. On board the various boats the bands play the "Star-spangled Banner" and "Marching Through Georgia." The excitement grows, and amid waving flags the crowd on board the Red Cross tug break out into old familiar airs. The high voices of the women float over to us in soft melancholy good-by. It is a sight not to be forgotten.

We are to stop at Honolulu, where we will stay some days, awaiting orders which are to come to us from the *Belgic*, sailing from San Francisco on Saturday, the 18th. There is no cable to Honolulu. Rumor has it that our delay there means that we will be expected to take possession of Hawaii in the name of Uncle Sam. If we see the annexation *de facto* it will be a glorious sight.

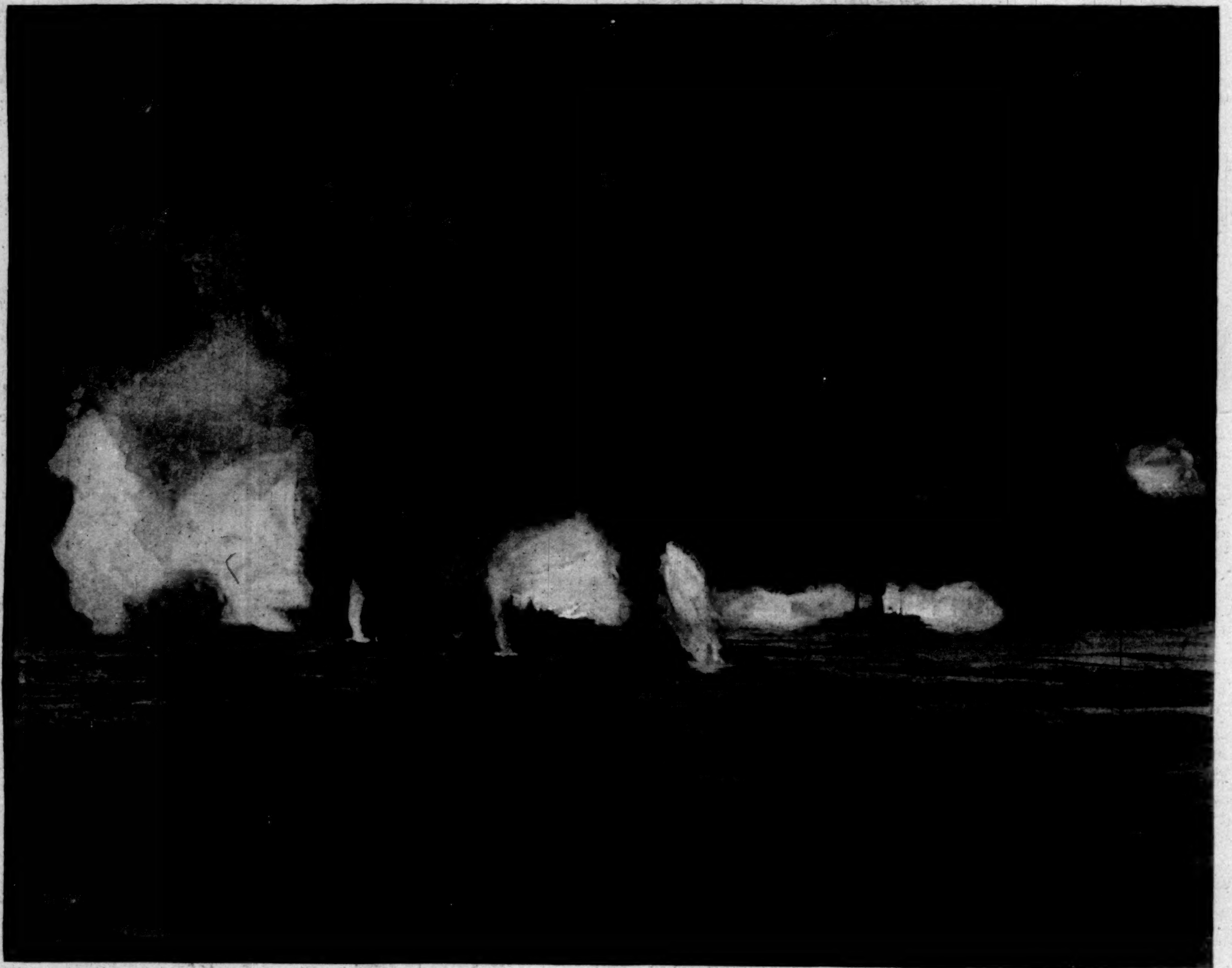
Brigadier-General Greene comes on board with his orders. The ship shouts him an enthusiastic welcome. The signal is given, and at last we start, the *China* leading, followed by the *Zelandia*, *Senator*, and *Colon*. I count fifty excursion-boats, all blowing whistles and flying flags. Crowds line the docks, and the forts give us the brigadier salute. We are off for Manila.

JOHN F. BASS.

GOOD-BY!


"Iowa."
"Dolphin" inshore, firing.
"Oregon," listed to Starboard, firing Starboard Guns.
"Yankee" firing Broadsides.

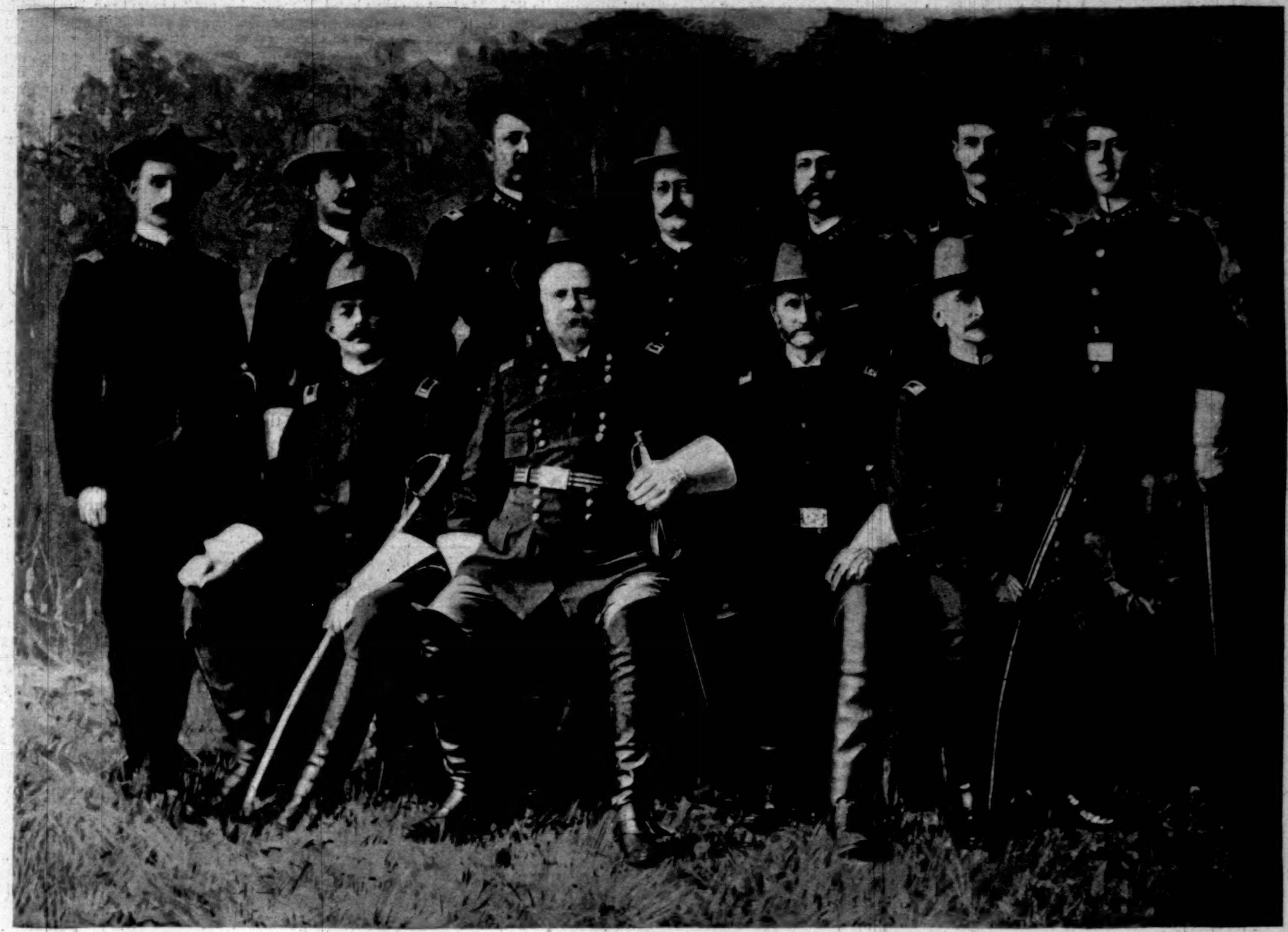
ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S EASTERN DIVISION.


"Brooklyn" completely enveloped in Smoke.
"Massachusetts."
"Marblehead."
"Texas."
Fire of Spanish Batteries.

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S DIVISION FIRING AT A DISTANCE OF 2800 YARDS—RAIN AND MIST OBSCURING EVERYTHING.

BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, 7.45 TO 10.30 A.M., MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1898.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

Major George S. Hobart, Assistant Adjutant-General. Major F. von Schroeder, Chief Quartermaster. Lieut.-Col. Curtis Guild, Jr., Inspector-General. Major Russell B. Harrison, Assistant Inspector-General. Lieut. C. P. Carbonell, Aide. Lieut. Algernon Sartoris, Aide. Lieut. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., Aide.

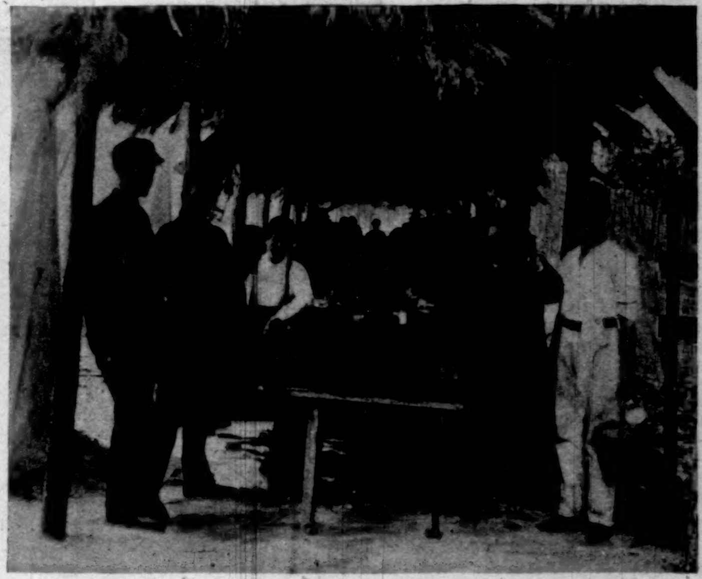


Capt. R. E. L. Michie, Assistant Adjutant-General. Major W. R. Livermore, Chief Engineer. Lieut.-Col. O. E. Wood, Chief Commissary.

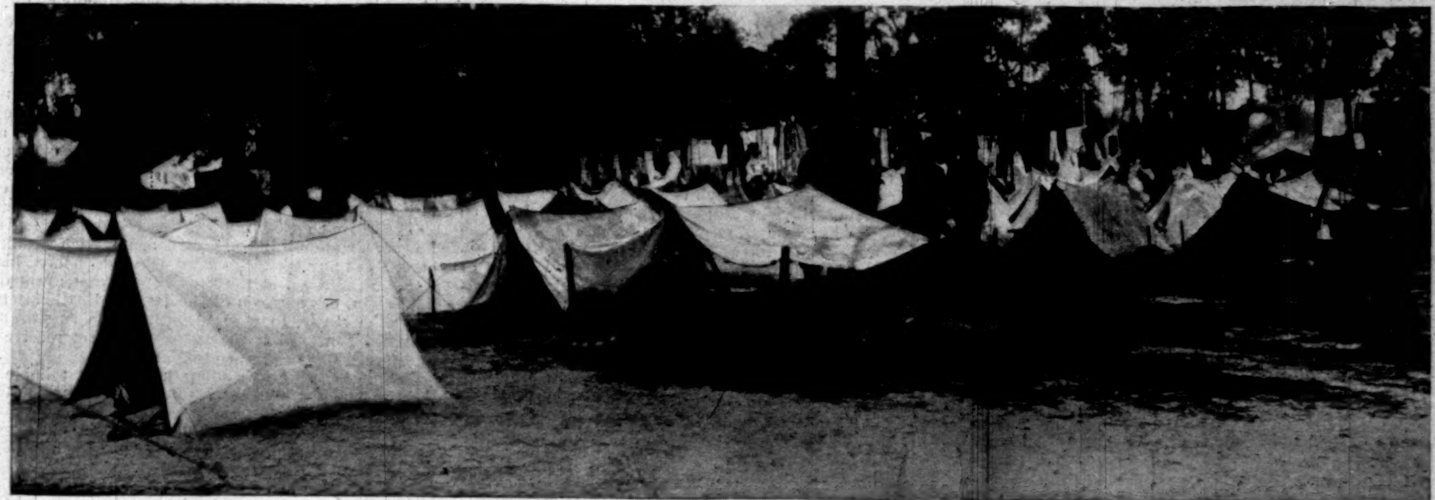
MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, COMMANDING 7TH ARMY CORPS, AND STAFF.

From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by O. P. Havens.

CLEANING UP AFTER DRILL.



2D VIRGINIA VOLS., "RICHMOND GRAYS," AT THEIR FIFTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER.



WASH-DAY IN THE CAMP OF THE 2D ILLINOIS.

WITH THE VOLUNTEER TROOPS AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VIII.—EMILIO CASTELAR, THE UNCROWNED KING.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE most interesting, perhaps the most important, man in Madrid is Emilio Castelar, the statesman who liberated the slaves of Porto Rico, who conducted the delicate negotiations growing out of the *Virginius* filibustering expedition of 1873, and who, as President of the Republic in Spain, commanded at once the respect of friendly nations and the enthusiastic support of Liberals at home.

Mr. Castelar to-day unites about his table all that is most interesting in the Spanish capital, excepting the immediate court circle, which of course could not openly appear to countenance an avowed republican. It is worth noting in parenthesis that socially Spain enjoys more political liberty than Germany, in the sense that a man in Madrid who avows sentiments in opposition to the government does not on that account necessarily fall under a boycott so severe as to forbid all people loyal to the government from frequenting his house. I have in mind several instances of notable Germans who, in consequence of voting against a measure of the government, have been wholly ostracized by not merely the court, but by the army, the officials, the learned professions, and even the members of the diplomatic corps in Berlin.

It is safe to say that if Castelar were a German he would in Berlin be forced to live as much out of the world as if he had been smitten with the plague.

His house is on the beautiful Avenue Serraño, in the upper part of the town, near to the French Embassy and the present residence of General Woodford. I first had the pleasure of meeting this grand old republican through the mediation of a common friend and member of the Cobden Club. I was shown into an antechamber so filled with treasures of curious and beautiful bric-à-brac that I was lost in pleasant admiration while the maid carried my card to her busy master.

Soon he appeared—a sight I shall not readily forget: a frank, strong face, with brilliant penetrating eyes that seemed always dancing with a disposition to smile. His nose is such as I usually find on strong men—not so large as the striking one of Paul Kruger, but reminding me somewhat of that on the great Baron Stein. Anywhere on a public thoroughfare I should have stopped to look twice at Castelar, for his very carriage suggests an uncrowned king. He has been a Cromwell of Spain—for a brief period, it is true, but still a period long enough to stamp his name in history as the first to make his country great without cruelty and strong without the destruction of personal liberty.

It is now thirty-four years ago that Castelar thundered against the abuses of the monarchy in his famous paper called *The Democracy*. He was then but thirty-two years of age, having been born in 1832. His devotion to popular rights cost him dearly, for the government punished him by turning him out of a professorship he then held at the Madrid University. Undeterred by this, the young politician seized the first opportunity that offered itself for proving the sincerity of his republican principles, and in 1866 he was condemned to death for having taken part in fights on the barricades against the government. Fortunately for us, he escaped across the frontier in time. The fear of death has no place in Castelar's philosophy, and when therefore such a man openly preaches the doctrines of the Cobden Club, "Peace, good-will, free trade among nations," no one can accuse him of shirking war from fear of shouldering a musket.

Mr. Castelar, when I first met him last year, regarded a war between the United States and Spain as an absurdity—a monstrosity. The very idea he scouted as unworthy the serious thought of educated people. He deplored at that time the Jingo spirit that was being cultivated by a certain section of the Spanish press, but assured me that the great bulk of the educated people wanted peace, and home-rule for Cuba.

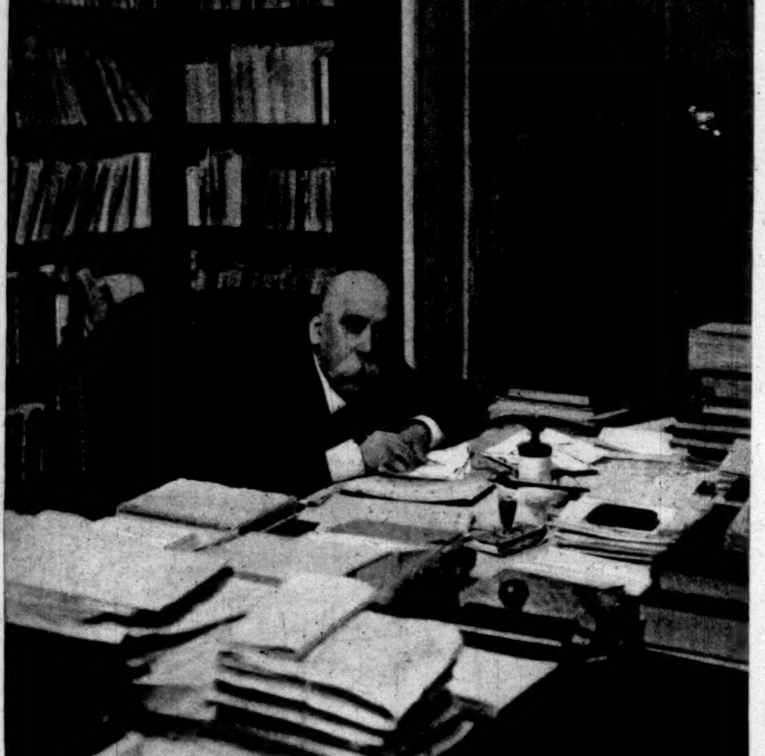
Castelar's drawing-room is, if possible, more richly furnished than the one into which I was at first ushered. Here are precious paintings by old masters, vases, bits of armor, carvings, tapestries from the far East, as well as Europe; not a single thing that does not indicate selection by a connoisseur with ample means to gratify his tastes. Of course his study was the most interesting room in the house to me, and he took me in to see the pile of manuscript with which he is at present occupied. The walls of his work-room are lined with books from floor to ceiling—not the books of a mere collector, but the working library of a political student. The great and crowning work of Mr. Castelar's life promises to be the universal history on which he is at present occupied, and which bids fair to fill many volumes, and an indefinite number of years.

Mr. Castelar is a bachelor. He does not smoke or gamble, or indulge in those many so-called recreations which ultimately disturb the balance between our physical and intellectual forces—a balance necessary to the exercise of sound judgment. He has therefore a beautiful harmony of faculties, which manifests itself in his oratory, his splendid mastery of composition, his choice of ornaments, and, most strikingly of all, in his preparation of a dinner.

When he asked me to dine with him, he most kindly asked after my tastes in matters culinary, to which I answered that, as a stranger in Spain, the most interesting food to me would naturally be that which had a peculiarly national character. And what a dinner that was, to be sure! There were two cabinet ministers present, and half a dozen other friends connected with public life. My host no doubt wished me to see that people of all parties could unite at his board, and that an American even then was well received if he came on an errand of peace.

It was hard to talk politics at such a meal. Every dish was strange and delicious; every wine was of the choicest, and selected with especial reference to the food that was to form its companion piece. Our learned host could give historical and botanical foot-notes to every dish. I have known but one such masterful epicure in my life—the late Charles A. Dana, who was at the same time, like Mr. Castelar, an artist in a large variety of directions.

When I again saw Mr. Castelar, after an interval of twelve months, the political horizon had blackened considerably. The kindly statesman welcomed me cordially as ever, and reasserted his horror of war, and belief in a more Christian solution of the difficulties. At the same time he was less of an optimist than when I had seen him last, and was particularly bitter at the unscrupulous correspondents of American papers who had pretended to interview him and had put words into his mouth which were fabrications, and wholly at variance with his views. He now had no relations with any members of the American Legation, in spite of the high regard he was prepared to entertain personally for General Woodford. He had been in the past so frequently betrayed by men who pretended to be friends that now he preferred to wait in silence until he could see clearly ahead either peace or war. A great change had come over Mr. Castelar, which his intimates attributed to ill health, and also largely to the Jingoism in the United States, which deeply undermined his proverbial enthusiasm for the great republic.



CASTELAR IN HIS STUDY.

I subsequently asked Mr. Woodford about his relations with Mr. Castelar, and got practically a confirmation of what I had already heard—that the Jingoes had in both countries done so much mischief that social intercourse between so excellent an American as General Woodford and so eminent a Spanish republican as Mr. Castelar had in this year 1898 become impossible.

SAN FRANCISCO.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

June 13, 1898.

GENERAL MERRITT thinks that he is likely to have less trouble in the Philippines with the Spaniards than with the insurgents. Once give the latter power, and allow them to take Manila, their attitude is likely to change. Their chiefs, although at present only too willing to take our help and submit to our wishes, may be pushed by awakening ambition to turn the forces now organizing for the attack on Manila against us. This view of the case seems thoroughly sound. The devil is sick, the devil an American would be; the devil is well, the devil an American he. The civilized world ought to realize by this time that insular insurgents are a very troublesome lot. The combined statesmanship of Europe has so far found it impossible to give the Cretan patriots a satisfactory form of government. It is to be hoped, however, that, unhampered by foreign diplomacy, we will do better in Cuba and the Philippines.

The policy we adopt towards the insurgents in the Philippines will depend in a great measure on what we intend to do with the islands, and the present uncertainty of our government on this question will place General Merritt in a very difficult position. The rebel leaders will want to know what is to become of them; and when they see that no decision has been reached, they will make up their minds to have a voice in the matter. After making use of the insurgents' help to fight our battles, it would hardly be fair to turn them over to Spain to be shot as
rebels, or to submit to Spanish colonial tyranny. On
other hand, if we decide not to keep the islands, what
we do with them? Are the people sufficiently enlighte
to govern themselves? Absolutely in the dark in reg
to the enormous disadvantages of foreign colonies, popu
opinion here is strongly in favor of keeping the islan
It is perhaps suggestive of the tendencies in the directi
of annexation that officers leaving for the Philippines
preparing to stay away two years.

In view of the increasing strength of the insurgen
General Merritt is very impatient at the enforced delay
the transportation of his forces. So strong is the gener
feeling in this matter, and so sure is he that it is a mist
to allow the insurgents to get a thoroughly organi
fighting force, that General Greene, who is to comm
the second expedition, starting next Tuesday, expects
take the field immediately on arriving. He will have w
him over 2500 men—the Tenth Pennsylvania Voluntee
two battalions of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third Uni
States Regulars, the First Colorado Volunteers, the U
Light Battery, and detachments of Company A of the
gineer Corps.

To-day your correspondent went over the transpo
which are nearly ready to start, and found them exc
lently arranged. Whatever adverse criticism may w
justice be made of the management of the home camp,
organization of the expedition itself deserves the high
praise. All the bunks and mattresses are new, and,
though of necessity the berths are close together, they
so arranged that the soldiers will get fresh air—a ve
important item on a long voyage in tropical seas. The
are new kitchens, and stalls for cat
to supply fresh meat to the troo
throughout the journey. In fact,
ships have been remodelled to suit
emergency, and the work has be
carefully done.

Many of the men were down loo
ing over their new home. They seem
well pleased; but they are so eager
get away that I doubt if they wou
have complained had they been stall
in a cattle-boat. The Utah battery we
on the dock shipping their guns. Th
are nearly all men over six feet hig
Indeed, I have not seen in any Eu
pean army such a lot of tall men
those making up General Merrit
small army. They would have
lighted the heart of Frederick
Great.

"Jimmy Green," if one may so d
the American private, is a tall, thi
faced, long-legged fellow, with gr
eyes and a long reach. In his leisu
moments he is apt to chew tobac
He is pleasant with strangers, but
confidential. It is only after he kno
you pretty well that he will tell y
"all about it"; giving his opinion wi
measured impartiality. He never bu
bles over, and looks and acts as if
would make a cool fighter.

Certain interesting facts come
light from the stories told by Capta
Loud and his companions about
battle of Manila. When the Americ
fleet first arrived off the Philippin
they were sighted by the telegraph st
tion at Point Balinao, and the ne
was sent to Manila. The Spaniard
therefore, were informed that
American fleet was at hand, and
no measures were taken to protect t
entrance of Manila Bay. The forts
each side of the channel were on roc
elevations, so that their modern gu
would command the deck of any ma
of-war attempting to enter the stra
by daylight. The only opportuni
was to go through during the nigh
and even this would have been next
impossible without the loss of one
more ships had the Spaniards been vigilant. This neg
gence of the Spaniards contributed greatly to our su
cess. Admiral Dewey must have known that he w
running great risks when he made up his mind to s
past these forts, torpedoes or no torpedoes, come wh
would. No one seems to know whether any torpedo
had been placed at the entrance of the bay or in front
Cavité. At any rate, they did no damage to our fleet, an
it is doubtful if any were exploded.

The commander of the forts at the entrance of the ba
subsequently surrendered, saying that all his garrison h
run away. It is not known whether these were native
Spanish troops.

After the serious fighting at Cavité began the Spa
iards fought bravely, without producing any result. O
ships were repeatedly struck; but the shells were sol
armor-piercing shells, used under the mistaken idea th
our ships were heavily armored.

When Admiral Dewey withdrew after three hour
fighting it was not simply for breakfast, but because t
extreme nervous strain of fighting a modern iron-cl
made it imperative to give the men a rest. It is a we
known fact in modern navies that no crew can be expe
ed to do good work in a serious fight for longer th
three or four hours without a rest. The first attack w
made on the fleet, the second on the forts at Cavité.

The Spanish Governor-General had issued his we
known blood-curdling proposition, in which he threate
ed to shoot any Spanish officer who surrendered his pos
tion. Frightened at the prospect of what awaited the
in Manila, the garrison of the forts at Cavité attempted
after the battle, to give themselves up as prisoners
Admiral Dewey, but the latter would not receive them
and forced them to return to Manila.

People here are at a loss where to get reliable new
All the papers are filled with false reports, which they
not even take the trouble to contradict. Truth finds
shelter in the rain of meaningless adjectives which drow
the daily press. The possibilities of exaggeration hav
surely been reached, and one wonders what is left to
said, by way of description, if a really great battle shoul
take place.

JOHN F. BASS.

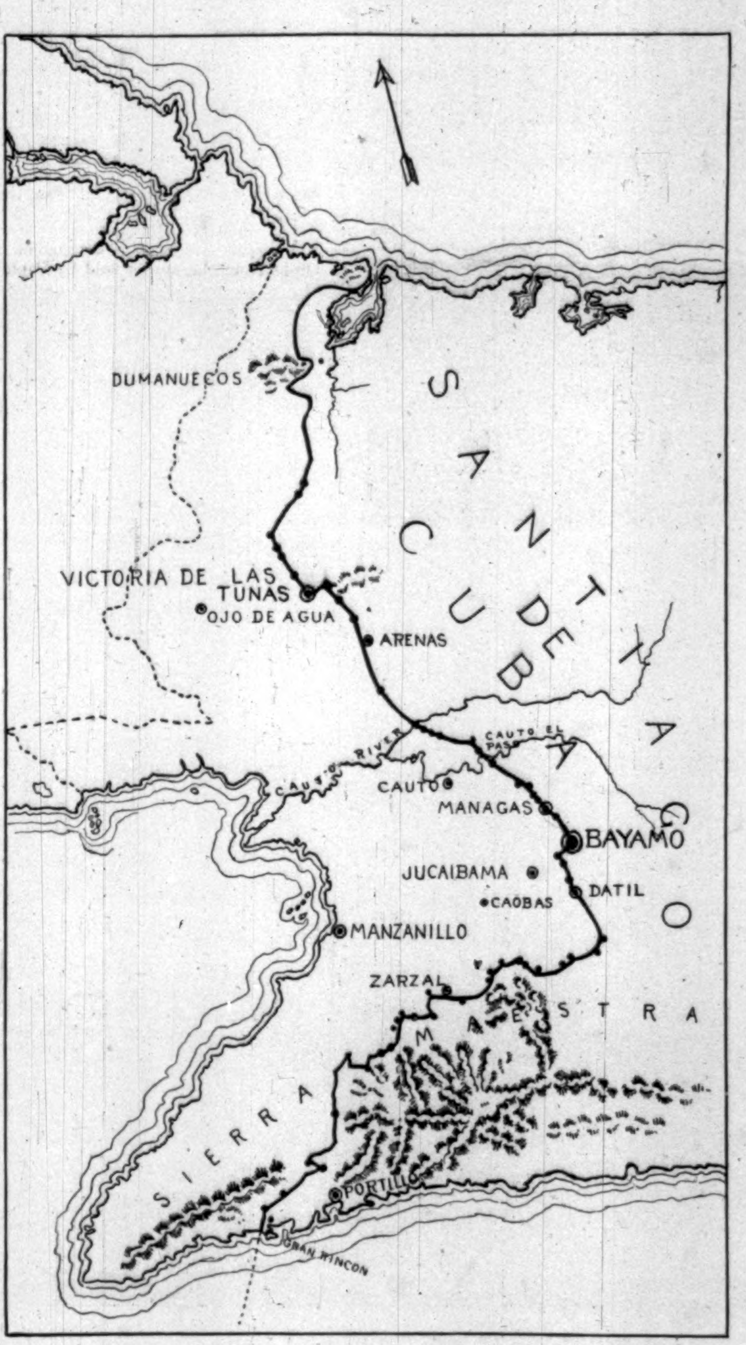
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROWAN'S EXPLOIT.

THE AMERICAN DELEGATE'S VISIT TO GARCÍA.

I.

When every day brings important news of our war, it would seem to be inviting contradiction and opposition for one to pick out a single item and to say, "This is the most important of all." But as to the most important item of news in the week ending June 18 there should be no dispute. During that week our little force of six hundred marines was making the most gallant efforts to maintain from day to day the position it had taken up at Camp McCalla, on the eastern shore of Guantanamo Bay. At first the position appeared to be untenable. The Spaniards, in greatly superior numbers, surrounded the camp, and carried on a species of guerilla warfare, incessant, harassing to the last degree, as familiar to them as it was strange and exhausting to our men. The difficulties of a summer campaign in Cuba, with all the beating of thickets for a concealed enemy that it involves, was thus realized at the very outset. The peril was of the gravest nature; men less determined or less bravely led would have been withdrawn, and the Spaniards would have received all the encouragement that an initial success can bring. At this critical time a number of Cuban insurgents, as was stated in the "Diary of the War" in the last issue of the Weekly, rendered valuable assistance. It is not necessary to believe that the better fighting on Tuesday and the succeeding days was due to their co-operation, or to the suggestions they were able to offer, with their knowledge of the difficult country and the peculiar methods of the enemy. But the facts that stand out quite plainly are, first, that they fought cleverly and fiercely beside our men; second, that the enemy was driven from cover with considerable loss; third, that the position of our marines became tolerably secure. On Thursday our force was further strengthened by the arrival of a number of insurgents led by General Perez, who, we are told, has a larger body of men in the neighborhood, ready to be of service as occasion shall arise. On Friday, June 17, supplies of medicine, arms, and ammunition were taken on the *Dolphin* to Sigua, midway between Santiago de Cuba and Guantanamo, and delivered to General Castillo, who has about three hundred insurgents armed with Lee-Metford rifles at that point. Perez and Castillo are, it will of course be understood, subordinates of General Calixto García, the white-haired Cuban leader, whose strong and rather handsome face, with the peculiar mark in the forehead (a bullet wound self-inflicted years ago, when the cause he has always fought for seemed lost), is so familiar to readers of American illustrated periodicals. General García is commander-in-chief of the Cuban forces in the entire eastern half of the island—that is, wherever they may be gathered in little bands, from the Jucaro-Moron Trocha to Cape Maysi. With the body of insurgents under his immediate control, in the neighborhood of Bayamo, he is now endeavoring to stop the Spanish troops from Havana and other western points on their way to Santiago and Guantanamo.

What has now been said may serve to show why especial importance is attached to reports that the Cubans are proving themselves valuable allies in Santiago Province. But the full significance of the news lies in the fact that, through this activity of his officers, García is proving his disposition to carry out the spirit and letter of his agreement made with our government on May 1, when he was visited by Lieutenant Rowan.



LIEUTENANT ROWAN'S ROUTE ACROSS CUBA.
Dotted Line is the Boundary between Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN, U.S. VOLS.
Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

II.

Andrew Summers Rowan, Lieutenant in the Nineteenth United States Infantry, left Washington April 9 on a secret mission to General García. He took the Atlas Line steamship *Adirondack* to Kingston, Jamaica, and there awaited instructions by cable. After completing arrangements for the trip, to which end he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of agents of the Cuban Junta in Jamaica, he got his orders and left Kingston on April 23—the day, it will be remembered, on which President McKinley signed the proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteers, and two days before the formal declaration of war.

Leaving Kingston at two o'clock, Rowan crossed the island in a northwesterly direction to St. Anns, where he got a little sailing-boat, whose captain he calls a pirate (and heartily admires—that is evident). Then one hundred miles from St. Anns to the coast-line of Santiago Province, near that jutting point where the Sierra Maestra lifts its peaks out of the sea—one of them, a bit nearer Santiago, to a height of eight thousand four hundred feet, while another, by Portillo, is a mate for any mountain we have between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. Rowan's "pirate" knew of the movements of the Spanish patrol boats along that majestic shore as though he himself controlled them. He would not land "el delegado Americano" immediately, but waited until the coast was clear. Then, running in by a place called Gran Rincon, west of Portillo, he successfully discharged his duty to the Junta and to his passenger. The latter found himself on shore in the care of other friends of free Cuba.

From the coast the first day's march took Rowan's party well into the mountains. There the next day was passed in collecting provisions for the trip to Calixto García's camp, and in securing information, too, as to the general's whereabouts—for they supposed he was still moving from place to place, in the manner of insurgents.

"We did not know where he was. We got our knowledge as we went," Rowan says.

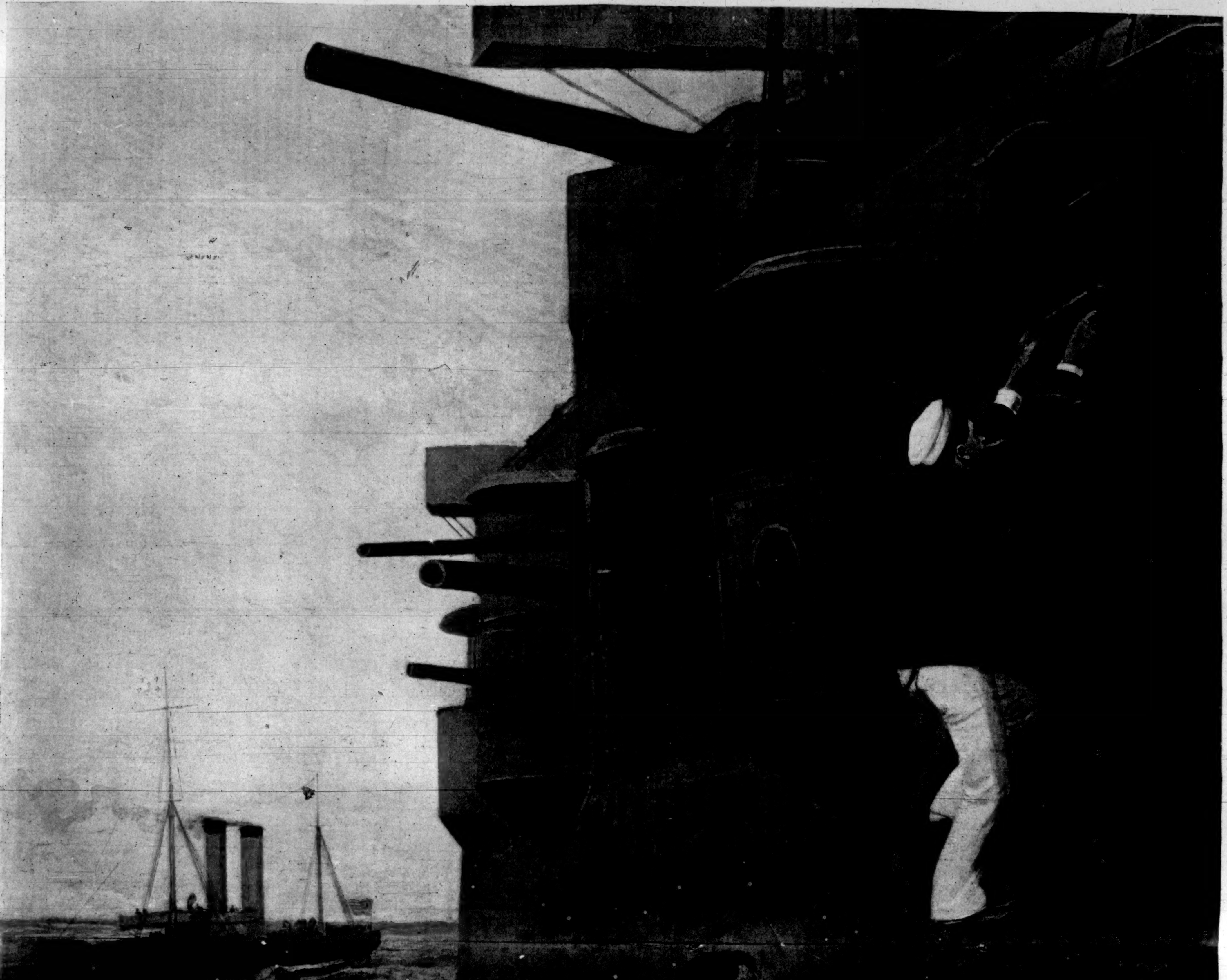
On the 28th of April the Spaniards abandoned Bayamo. García entered and established himself comfortably in that famous old town. A day earlier (April 27) Rowan's party set out across the Sierra Maestra; on the 28th, pressing on towards the northeast, they got among the foot-hills; the last day of the month found them nearing the goal, but marching along a trail so rough that they were glad to camp on the river Buey, "to swim, and sleep in hammocks."

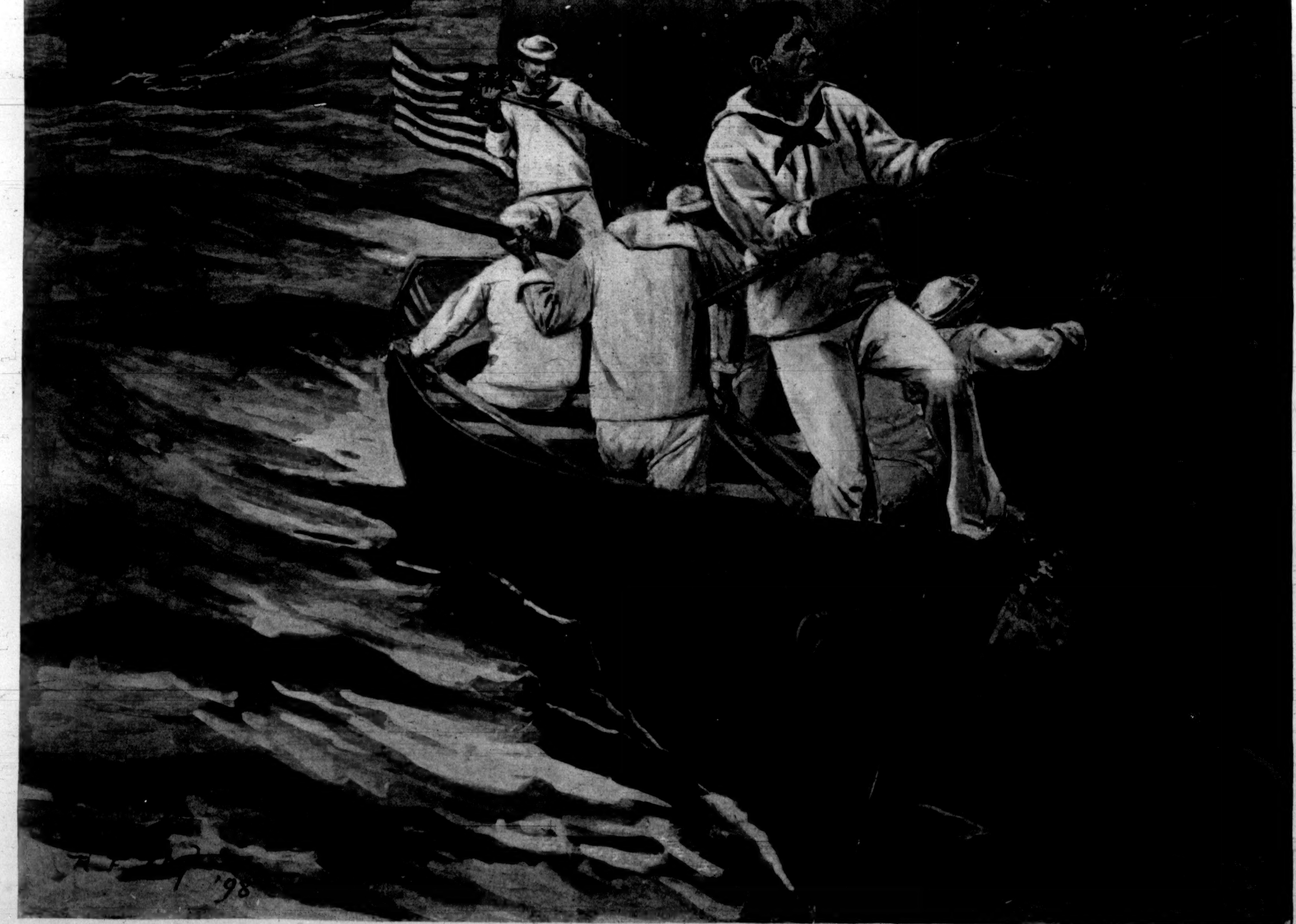
(On the other side of the world Dewey's fleet entered Manila Bay that night.)

Only about twenty miles further to Bayamo; and so, at noon on "Manila day," May 1, Rowan and his companions reached the outskirts of Bayamo. They saw the people who had been exiled from the city, three years before, rushing in to claim their own again, now that the insurgents were established there. Bayamo had formerly about thirty thousand inhabitants; now perhaps two thousand. It is easy to realize the full force of Rowan's statement, in regard to this remnant, that the present inhabitants are "all insurgents at heart."

The Spanish forts, when he arrived, were smouldering ruins, the life of the city beginning again, under changed conditions. In the Bayamo River, a third of a mile wide here, women were standing in the shallows to wash their clothing on the bowlders.

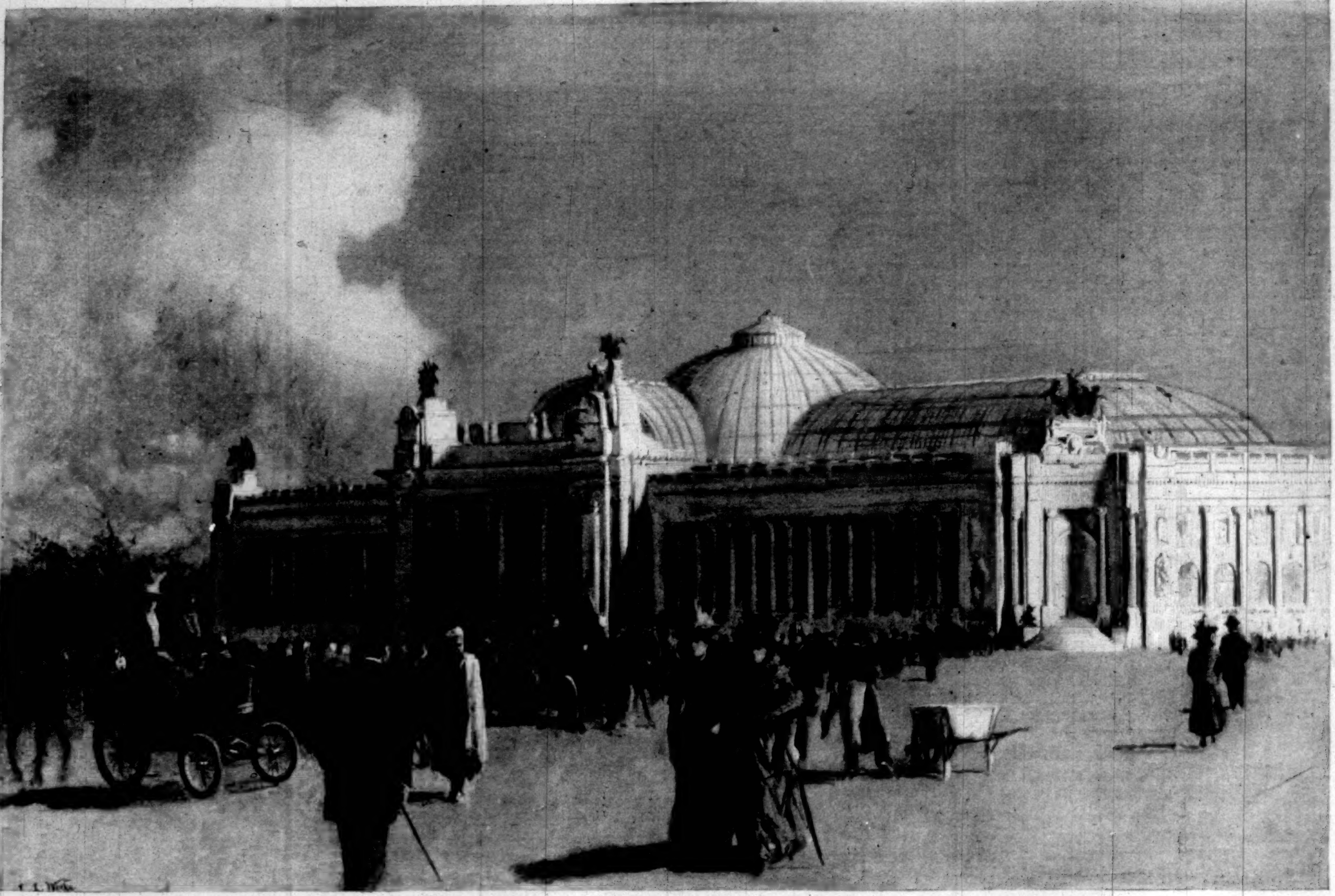
The horses of the party were tied opposite a Cuban flag that distinguished García's headquarters. Rowan was received in an agreeable office, where he




"Castine."
"New York."

DESPATCHES FOR THE ADMIRAL.

Drawn while on the Flag-Ship by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—GRAND PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

delivered the despatches that had been intrusted to him. It is a pleasure to be able to add that he was promptly invited to breakfast with the general, in this especially wasted and harried portion of poor Cuba. There was a "long talk," says Rowan, "and despatches passed between us. At five o'clock he announced that he had his despatches all ready, and asked me if I could start north, as he wished to get his replies to the United States government as soon as possible. He detailed General Callazo, Colonel Hernandez, and Dr. Bieta, an expert on the diseases of that section, to accompany me."

With these companions Rowan started away that evening, crossing Bayamo River, and camping near the Cauto River before midnight. At sunrise the next morning they took up the march again, crossed the Cauto (the largest river of Cuba) at Cauto el Paso, and then made their way through tropical jungle and over meadow-land, until, at Las Arenas, they went into camp for the night. Near Arenas is a fortification constructed during the ten years' war. Next morning they started at sunrise, and reached Victoria de las Tunas, outside of which ruined town they met a force of Cubans, four or five hundred men, encamped near a place called Piedras. Rowan inspected the fortifications, and studied the plan of the siege by which García captured the town in August, 1897, and on passing through this singularly misnamed Victoria de las Tunas, discovered that not a single building was habitable now—"the whole thing razed to the ground"; and this he speaks of as a striking illustration of the insurgent plan, which is to destroy the towns. The Spanish plan is not less definite—to destroy the country!

A long ride—about fifty-one miles, according to Callazo's computations—brought Rowan and his party to a hill called Damanuecos, at the foot of which they camped. And now, being within striking distance of the north coast, they devoted a day to preparations for the voyage, making sails out of the canopies of their hammocks, etc. Climbing to the top of the peak early the following day, they were rewarded with a beautiful view, not the least characteristic feature in the landscape being an enormous palm forest stretching northward. For hours their course lay through this stately growth—through brush, where the poisonous guao-tree gave lasting proof of its presence; then a fortress with walls of coral rock was passed; and finally they came to the coast and to the *salinas* (salt-works). The work of collecting the sea-water in kettles and evaporating it to obtain a supply of salt for the Cuban forces is carried on by offenders in the army; and a very good form of punishment it is.

Breakers outside the capes were thundering in a way that seemed decidedly unpleasant when one listened to them, with the little boat much too small to hold all the party in full view. Even when the weather grew calm enough for embarking, it was necessary to send Dr. Bieta and others back to General García, while only six embarked,—Lieutenant Rowan, General Callazo, Hernandez, his chief of staff, and three sailors. After passing out and laying the course due north (this brings us now to May 5) they met Admiral Sampson's fleet on its way to Porto Rico. By a piece of good luck the party in the little lifeboat overhauled a sponging-steamer with a crew of thirteen negroes, who carried them into Nassau. There the American consul made arrangements for sending Rowan by the schooner *Fearless* to Key West, at which place he arrived four days later.

III.

While crossing the island from south to north our lieutenant (or, to give him the title to which he has been advanced, lieutenant-colonel) felt as safe, he says, as though he had been going up town from Franklin Square to his hotel. Unfortunately we cannot place this sense of security to the credit of the harmless natives, for these were few and far between in the portion of Cuba that he visited. In fact, that whole district in western Santiago which on the latest map appears to be peppered with towns, is really to-day almost a wilderness. The names that make such a showing may designate a single plantation; perhaps a deserted farmstead or a ruin.

The impression he received of García and his men was distinctly favorable. He speaks of García as a man of honor, who will keep his agreement made with this government to the extent of his ability, and it is plain that his ability to render valuable assistance in our campaign is not accurately measured by any one of the various estimates of the number of men, trained and inured to Cuban warfare, that he commands.

Marrion Wilcox.

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

Not for Revenge—albeit Spain
Destroyed the *Maine*—
Not for her islands, near or far,
Wage we this war.
Nor solely for poor Cuba's need
Do our sons bleed;
But to solve questions which were gray
Ere to the day
She opened her sad eyes! For we,
Who scarce yet see
Wisely to rule ourselves, are set
Where ways have met,
To lead the waiting nations on!
Not for our own
Land now are battle-flags unfurled,
But for the World.

Henrietta R. Eliot.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Few events of late years have moved the Parisian public, the public of fêtes and exhibitions, of the Concours Hippique and the Vernissage, more than the long-threatened and as often deferred demolition of the Palais d'Industrie. It was not alone the art world, but the world of fashion and of high bohemia, and of many other coteries which touch their borders, that looked forward to the dawn of the Vernissage, that annual fête which was the beginning of a career to so many, or the resurrection of long-buried and half-forgotten reputations, and which was quite as often the occasion of bitter disappointment and chagrin to others whose sun had not yet risen or had irrevocably set. Those who are familiar only with the varnishing-days or private views of other art centres can hardly realize the pomp and circumstance of this event in Paris, where, in spite of the never-failing regularity of its recurrence and the deadly similarity of one Vernissage to another, it has become as much of a national institution as the Fourteenth of July or the Grand Prix. Whoever has lived through a long succession of them, although they all have a tendency to recede and merge one into the other as the years go by, will not easily forget how much the weather had to do with his or her impressions on the fateful day, when driven down or across the Champs Élysées to the crowded portal; for if the morning dawned cold and gray or stormy, the pictures looked their very worst under the bleak unsparing light, the spring toilets and the marvellous creations of modistes were hidden under furs and wraps, and those who had engaged tables in the open air at Le Doyen's for lunch were fain to envy the more prudent who had secured places at the buffet in the Sculpture Court, where, although they were compelled to fight for each dish, and the distracted waiters were often intercepted and robbed by hungry privateers from other tables, they were at least sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. With all its imperfections and shortcomings, what could have been more impressive than the vastness of the great court, where the white sculpture gleamed among palm fronds lifted high above the insolent competition of violet and orange and scarlet hats and sleeves and flowers, and the fresh tints of living faces? For no one but a novice or an æsthetic enthusiast could fix his attention on painted canvas or graven image when seen across a foreground like a restless kaleidoscope of life and color, where æsthetic clowns in eccentric costumes had their brief hour of success, as well as the reigning beauties of either world, and other celebrities of the day, who all held court at the Vernissage of the old Salon. These and many other memories—reminiscences of the grand pageants of the last exposition, and of the gala-days of the Concours Hippique—clustered about the Palais d'Industrie; and when it was realized that the neighboring "Garden of Paris" was also doomed to destruction, and its chestnut bowers uprooted, not even the promise of a more sumptuous and enduring palace of art—not only one, but two of them—and a spectacular bridge besides, added to the prospect of a still more seductive Garden of Eden in some vague "elsewhere," could console the æsthetic and the more frivolous coteries of Paris for their present deprivations. The gradual dismantling and destruction of the vast extent of glass roof as it went on during the bleak winter months were not a cheerful sight, and people were fain to hurry past or to look the other way. Now all that remains is the great entrance arch, boarded up to its apex, where so many joyous crowds have gathered, and a small section of the adjoining walls.

For months past the entire enclosure, reaching from the solitary portal on the Champs Élysées down to the Seine, has been surrounded by a high board wall, tinted pale green, and panelled off by arches of trellis-work, which is far from unsightly when half hidden by flickering tree shadows. Behind this barrier all the work on the new palaces, and the broad avenue which will separate them, has been going on, and at the present moment the stone columns of the greater edifice have begun to overtop the wall. But the whole enclosed space is still a wilderness of stone, like a vast quarry interspersed with shanties, and bisected by the tracks of a light railway, along which the material is carried. The forlorn remnant of the old palace, which, like the curtain of a theatre, masks the scene of action, together with its flanking walls, will disappear at once when the new spectacle is ready for the impatient public. A new avenue will extend from the Champs Élysées, but not quite at right angles with it, between the two new palaces, terminating at the magnificent bridge Alexander III., the corner-stone of which was laid by the Russian Emperor during his visit to Paris, and which will connect this section with the Esplanade des Invalides—in short, an entire new quarter is now under construction. The Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts will take up nearly all the right side of the avenue, from one end nearly to the other. Three different architects—M. Deglane, M. Thomas, and M. Louvet—have each been commissioned to design a wing of the building, all working under the general direction of M. Girault. In the portion designed by M. Thomas, the rear of the edifice, which will be in a measure complete in itself, with a grand entrance on the Avenue d'Antin, the individual talent of the architect will be allowed full play, although his conception, like those of his confrères, must harmonize with the general plan. He has been for many years the official architect of the Palais d'Industrie, and it is said that a certain likeness to the old landmark will be perpetuated in this part of the new building, which will be known as the Palais Thomas. The central porch, facing the Avenue d'Antin, will resemble in some measure, although on a smaller scale, the principal entrance of the Palais d'Industrie. As on the front of the palace facing the new avenue, arcades of twin Ionic columns will extend on either side the entrance, and this rear portion will reach from the Quai de la Conférence to the prolongation of the Rue Jean Goujon. Above the central portal the sky-line is broken by the central dome, and the ranges of twin columns on each side will support the projection of the roof, which will form a broad strip of "bandeau"—to use the technical term employed here—thus giving a logical reason for the presence of the colonnade. This upper bandeau will be surmounted by a light balustrade, and the somewhat level outline will be relieved by a series of sculptural vases placed at intervals, which, together with the occasional statues or bronze groups, will sufficiently vary its monotony. Upon entering the building from the Avenue d'Antin, we shall find ourselves in a vast elliptical hall, beneath the flattened dome seen from without, and this spacious rotunda will, it is expected, be flooded with light, as one great object of the director-in-chief has been to get as much sunshine as possible into the building, and to allow as many openings as are consistent with its architectural beauty when viewed from the outside. The decorations of this inner court will be sober and subdued in color, after the style of those in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, as it is felt that too violent oppositions of color might have a crude effect when seen under such intense light. This entrance hall will be surrounded by stairways giving access to the two long exhibition galleries on either side. The interior of the Palais Thomas will be decorated in the style which prevailed in France at the end of the last century, which is now considered simpler and in better taste than the style which immediately preceded it. At each end of the Palais Thomas there will be a low entrance under the basement, by which horses and other animals to be exhibited in the different competitions may enter, and the stables placed on the ground-floor will be so contrived as to be perfectly free from dampness; a thick platform or construction of cement will be laid under the flooring; for, as heretofore, the Concours Hippique and the cattle shows will take place immediately before the Salon. All the exterior decoration of this rear portion of the edifice will be quiet and sober in general effect, in order that it may not compete in magnificence with the principal façade opening on the new avenue.

The great square portico of the grand entrance, deeply recessed behind its Ionic columns, will open into a hall of vast dimensions, extending from the inner arch of the entrance back to the division fronting on the Avenue d'Antin (or Palais Thomas), reaching upward to the summit of the broad central dome. This will be one of the most striking features of the edifice, and, it is hoped, will be decorated in a style worthy of its noble proportions. A broad gallery ten metres in width will surround this space, which may be utilized as a "promenoir" or for special exhibitions when needed, or, again, for tribunes or boxes during the Concours Hippique and on similar occasions. A monumental stairway, of exceptional size and sumptuously decorated, will lead to a great tribune or balcony which will command a view of the whole interior, and this stairway, it is expected, will be one of the chief points of interest. As in the old Palais d'Industrie, a long gallery will unite exteriorly the whole series of exhibition-rooms, so that one may walk from one end of the series to the other without entering the rooms. The chief feature in that portion of the building designed by M. Louvet will be the great hall where the opening ceremony of the exposition of 1900 will take place, and which will be used for the reception of sovereigns, the distribution of recompenses, and on other state occasions. After the close of the exposition it will be utilized for festivals and concerts. It would be impossible at present to give any further or more authentic details in regard to the interior decorations of the edifice, as nothing definite beyond their general character has yet been decided. The frieze of this "modern Parthenon" is to be a work of art of the most modern character, and the motive is to be the "History of Art through all the Ages," after the cartoon of M. Joseph Blanc, of the Institute. The material will be a new kind of "ceramic," known as "grès cérame," to be cast at the national manufactory of Sèvres, under the direction of M. Baumgart.

An oversight frequently committed by architects is to design a building without taking into consideration the site it will occupy and its relation to surrounding buildings or other objects, which may modify its effect in some measure. It is believed, however, that the group of buildings forming the new quarter, as it is now called, has been so thoroughly studied that there can be no doubt as to the ultimate harmony of the whole conception.

The smaller palace of fine arts, known as the Palais Girault, after the name of its architect, will face the larger one across the avenue, but will be so different in its style and character as to suggest no comparison with it. The central dome, surmounted by a bronze figure, will be higher in proportion than that of the greater edifice; the pavilions at either end of the principal façade will be terminated by semicircular bays, which will harmonize in form with the two circular pavilions on the rear elevation; and the front on the avenue will present a row of single columns on each side of the entrance porch which, almost or quite in contact with the wall, offer only the suggestion of a colonnade. Although the ground plan of this edifice is an irregular polygon, thus presenting greater difficulties in obtaining an agreeable result, it is said that M. Girault's design—which obtained the first prize at the Concours—has scarcely been modified, even in its slightest details, contrary to the general rule in regard to public monuments.

Less majestic and imposing than the greater palace across the avenue, it will form a valuable pendant by reason of its somewhat gayer and lighter aspect. On entering the central portal by a series of twenty steps, we come at once into a spacious vestibule, circular in form, and immediately under the dome. On either hand extend two long exhibition-halls, lighted by windows placed between the exterior columns, and by occasional sky-lights.

An inner series of galleries will be lighted only from above, while the centre of the building will be treated as a garden, bordered by a semicircular colonnade which will do duty as a covered promenade. It is intended that the Palais Girault shall be dedicated, during the coming exposition, to retrospective art, while its greater neighbor will be reserved for art in its more modern manifestations.

Careful attention has been paid to the lighting of these galleries, by the architect, who has visited the principal museums and galleries of Europe, and it is hoped that the treasures of art which will be gathered here will be seen under the most favorable conditions. It is also intended that this building shall contain many of the works by modern artists which are annually acquired by the municipal council, and which, for want of proper space, have often been stored in unsuitable places and allowed to deteriorate.

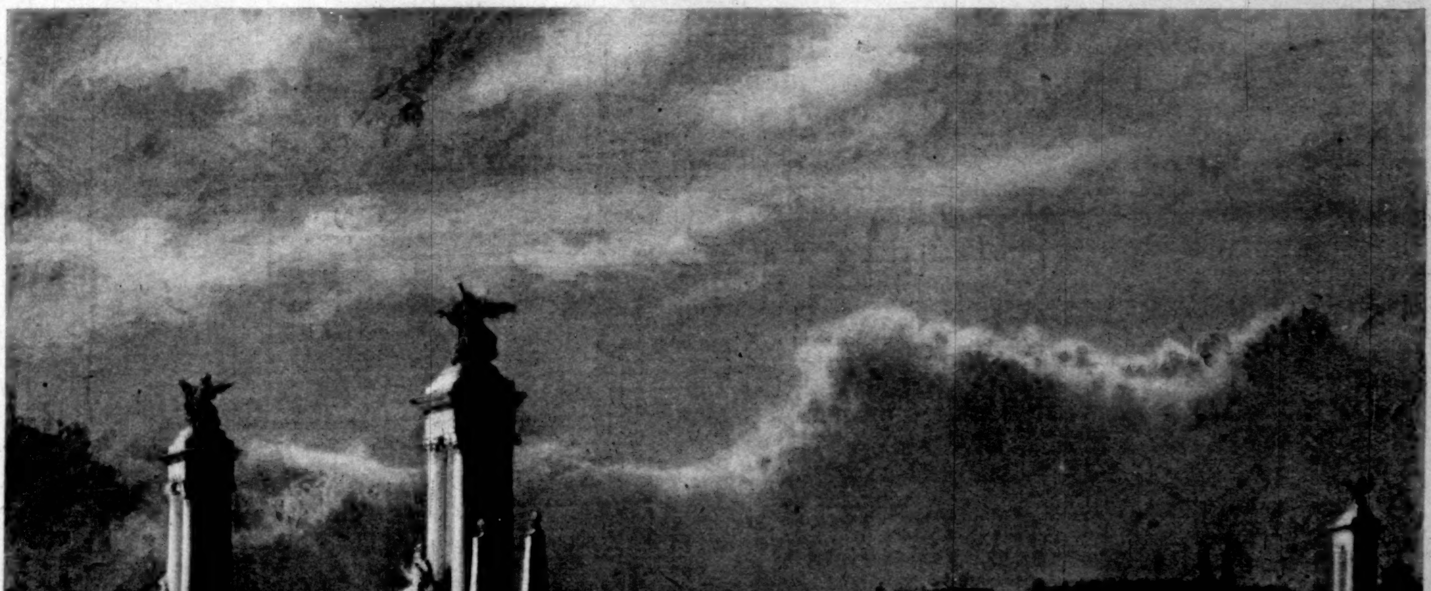
The bridge which is to unite the new quarter with the old, and connect the avenue with the Esplanade des Invalides, will traverse the Seine at a slight angle by a single arch, and is to be a little over one hundred metres in length by forty in width. The engineers, M. Resal and M. Alby, whose task it has been to attend to the technical and scientific part of the structure, have worked in concert with the architects, MM. Cassien-Bernard and Cousin, who have been occupied solely with the decorative and architectural features of the monument, and who have labored to harmonize the general lines by a judicious use of stone and bronze, with the object of combining grace and beauty with its strength.

During the early stages of the work crowds gathered to gaze down at the mysterious rows of caissons, or chambers, which resembled nothing so much as iron boilers standing on end. Inside these chambers, which afforded communication with the tunnel beneath the river, the work of constructing the foundations was carried on. This system, new here, was first employed in the United States, and is therefore more familiar at home than abroad. They have since been removed, as the sub-fluvial part of the enterprise is now nearly completed.

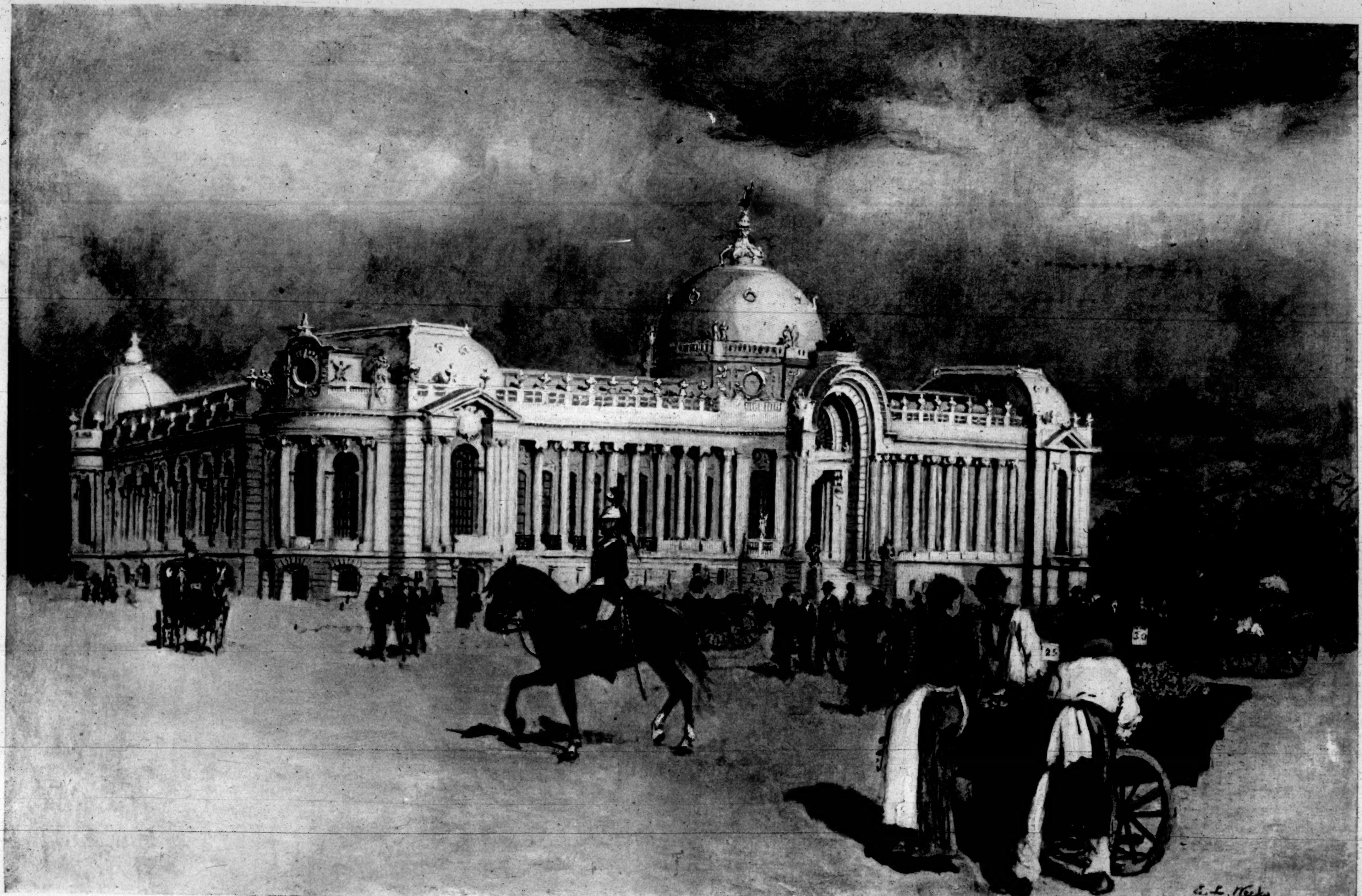
The four tall monuments, or "pylones," placed one on each side of the entrances at either end of the bridge, will add much to its originality as a landmark. They will each be seventeen metres in height, or twenty-two including the bronze groups representing the Arts, Sciences, Commerce, and Industry placed on their summits. Supplementary shafts, or semipyramidal obelisks of stone, bronze groups, and tall clusters of lamps wrought in metal will be grouped near their bases. A double line of bronze lamps or lanterns will be carried across the bridge, and the severity of its lines will be further modified by masses of sculpture placed in the middle, or highest point, of the curve, and by the light balustrades. It was considered necessary to treat the steel frame-work of the bridge in such a way as to soften, as far as possible, its severe and rigid lines, and these decorative accessories are expected to fulfil this mission.

However much the disappearance of the old Palais d'Industrie, with all its associations, may be regretted, there can be little doubt that the new group of monuments, when completed, will more than compensate for its loss.

The two stately palaces are intended not for the exposition only, but to stand for all time—the broad avenue between them, the bridge flanked by its towering monuments with their triumphal bronze groups, and the gilded dome of the Invalides, and, indeed, the whole façade beyond the Esplanade, which has never before had its full value as an architectural feature of the city, and which will close in the distance, will together constitute a vista unsurpassed in Paris, and perhaps in all Europe.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—BRIDGE ALEXANDER III.—Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.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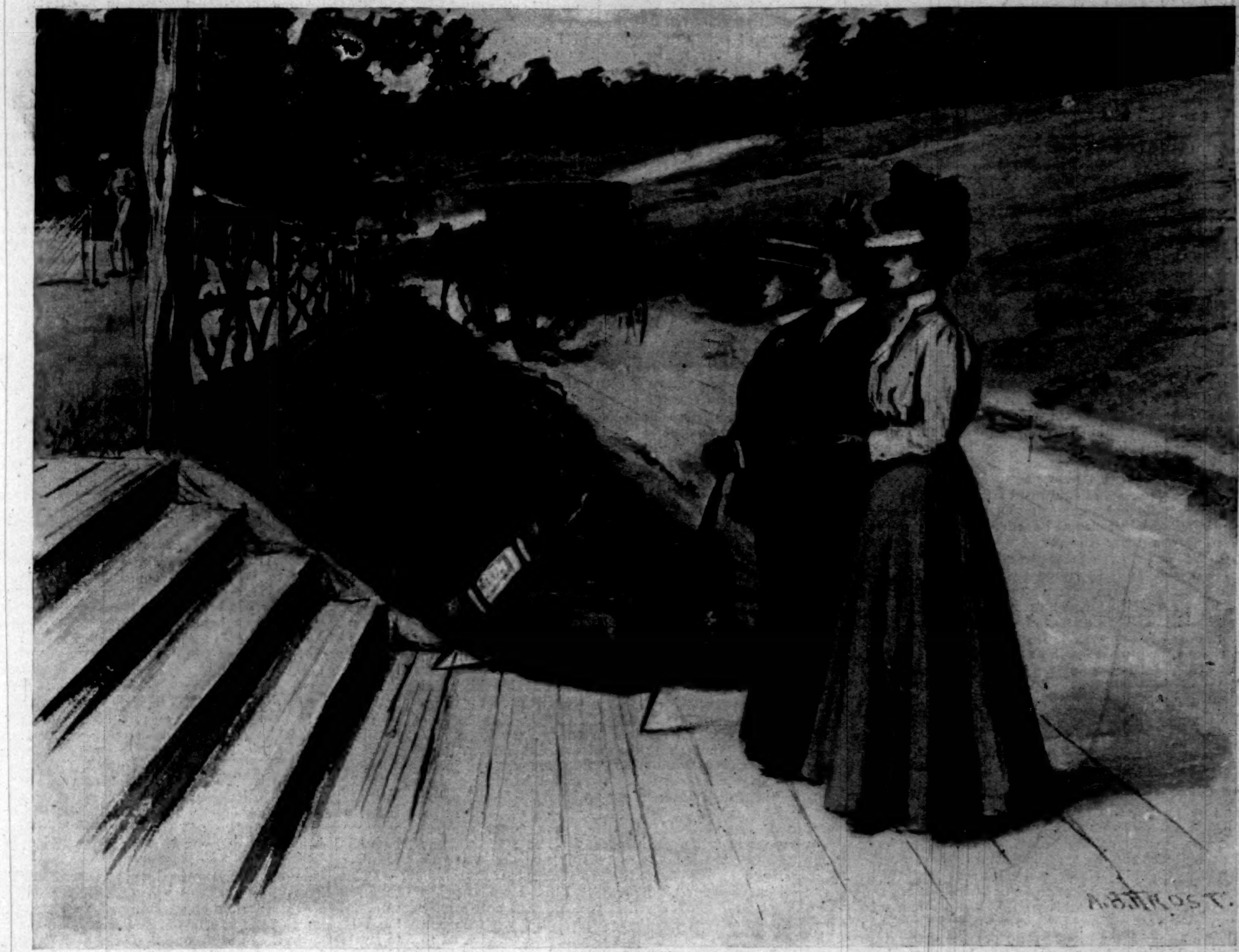
E. L. Weeks

THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900—THE SMALLER PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.
Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.—[See Page 646.]



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

I.—THE DAWN OF A WEDDING-JOURNEY.

MR. and Mrs. Hector Archibald were prosperous and happy dwellers in a suburb of one of our large towns. Fortune had favored them in many ways—in health and in a good average happiness. They had reached early middle age, and their daughter Kate, their only child, had grown up to be a beautiful and good young woman, and was on the point of marrying a young lawyer—Rodney Bringhurst by name—in every way worthy of her.

Hector Archibald was a little man, with small bright eyes, and hair slightly touched with gray and very much inclined to curl. His disposition was lively. He had a strong liking for cheerful occurrences, and was always willing to do his part in the bringing about of such events. Novelty had a charm for him. He was not bound by precedence and tradition, and if he had found himself at a dinner which began with coffee and ended with oysters on the half-shell, he would have given the unusual meal a most animated consideration, although he might have utterly withheld any subsequent approbation. As a general thing, he revolved in an orbit where one might always be able to find him, were the proper calculations made. But if any one drew a tangent for him, and its direction seemed suitable and interesting, he was perfectly willing to fly off upon it.

The disposition of Mrs. Hector Archibald was different. She was born to be guided by customs, fashions, and forms. She believed it was the duty of a married woman to make her home happy, and she did it. But she also believed that in the best domestic circles there were rules and usages for domestic happiness which would apply to every domestic condition and contingency. It frequently troubled her, however, to find that certain customs, forms, or usages of domestic society had changed, and being of a conservative turn of mind, it was difficult for her to adapt herself to these changes. But, thoroughly loyal to the idea that what was done by people she loved and people she respected ought also to be done by her, she earnestly strove to fit herself to new conditions, especially when she saw that by not doing so she would be out of touch with her family and her friends.

Now of course the wedding of their daughter was the only thing in the world that seemed of real importance to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and for this all preparations and plans had been agreed upon and made with great good-will and harmony, excepting one thing, and that was the wedding-trip. Strange to say, the young people did not wish to take a wedding-trip. They believed that this old-fashioned custom was unnecessary, troublesome, commonplace, and stupid. In the gardens and grounds of the Archibald mansion, and in the beautiful surrounding country, they had loved each other as lovers, and among these scenes they wished to begin to love each other as a married couple. Why should such distasteful and unpleasant ingredients as railroad cars, steamboats, and hotels be dashed into the pleasing mixture of their new lives? It had been arranged that for a year or two, at least, they should live in Kate's dear old home, and why should they not immediately begin that life there?

Mr. Archibald did not favor this plan, and his wife was strongly opposed to it. A wedding without a wedding-trip ought not to be thought of.

"During the honey-moon a young couple should live for each other, with each other, apart from the rest of the world. It is a beautiful custom, which should not be rudely trampled upon," said Mrs. Archibald.

As Mrs. Archibald cherished a belief that she ought to conform her ideas to the domestic customs of the day, her daughter Kate cherished the belief that the domestic customs of the day ought to conform themselves to her ideas.

"Of course we should like to be alone in the honey-moon," she exclaimed. "We don't object to that; and if there must be a wedding-journey, you and father can take it and we will stay here. Here are servants, books, things to eat, and everything our hearts can desire, and here we would really feel as if we were beginning life as man and wife. As for you two, you both need a vacation, and nothing could be more perfectly appropriate and more delightful to everybody than that you should take our wedding-trip. We don't want it; we will make it a present to you. Go, take it and be happy, and leave us here to be happy. People have done this sort of thing before, so that it is not absolutely wild and unheard of."

Mr. Archibald welcomed this plan with open arms, and hugged it and his daughter to his breast. It suited him admirably, and he declared that all business and engagements of every kind should be set aside, and that he would be ready to start on the wedding-journey with Mrs. Archibald the moment the ceremony should be completed.

"You will wait until the reception is over, father?" said Kate, laughing.

"Yes," said he, "I will wait for that."

But this novel proposition sent a chill through every fibre of Mrs. Archibald's physical organism. At first she did not exactly comprehend it, but when she did, the chills increased. When she had recovered herself a little she began to make objections. This was easy enough, for they crowded into her mind like sheep into a pen; but every objection, as she brought it forth, was ruthlessly set aside or crushed to earth by her daughter or her husband, assisted by her expectant son-in-law, of whom she declared she never would have believed such a thing had she been told it.

The discussion ended, of course, by Mrs. Archibald agreeing to go on this absurd wedding-journey. But the good lady's mental troubles were not over when she had given her consent. As this scheme had been devised by those dearest to her on earth, and as it was certain, these dearest persons assured her, to meet with the approbation of all people of advanced thought—at least of those whose thought had advanced far enough to make it worthy of consideration—she felt that in taking part in this scheme she ought to do it honestly and with her whole heart; and at her time of life, to act as a proxy for a young bride by taking a wedding-journey in that young bride's place was a very difficult thing for Mrs. Archibald to do honestly and with her whole heart. But she would try to do it. Whatever else happened, her family must be kept happy, and it should never be said of her that she hung like a millstone around the combined neck of that family when it was unitedly climbing toward altitudes of felicity, which, although she was not able to discern them, must exist, since that fact had been so earnestly insisted upon by Mr. Archibald, Kate, and Rodney Bringhurst.

Thus was this exceptional hymeneal performance decided upon. At eleven o'clock on Wednesday, the 6th of June, the marriage service was performed. At noon the guests sat down to breakfast, and at two o'clock that afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald departed on the wedding-trip, leaving behind Mr. and Mrs. Bringhurst at home with each other, and "not at home" to the world.

II.—ENTER MARGERY.

AT four o'clock on the afternoon of June 6 Mr. and Mrs. Hector Archibald arrived at a family hotel in the capital of their State. Where they should go from there had not been decided upon. Nothing in regard to their wedding-journey had been decided upon except that they were to return to their home on the 6th of July of that year, and not before. It would have been impossible, with their minds filled with bridal arrangements, for them to make plans for their journey. But at this first stopping-place, where they were free from all responsibility and interruptions, they could, at their leisure, decide where they should go, how they should go, and what they should do when they got there.

After the unrest and turmoil of their own home during the past few weeks, the quiet and repose of this city hotel were delightful. That evening they went to the theatre, and after the performance they had a little supper at a restaurant.

"People may not think we are a newly married pair," said Mr. Archibald, as he poured out a glass of wine for his wife, "but it is not impossible that they may see we know how to enjoy ourselves quite as much as if we were."

The next morning Mr. Archibald procured a number of railroad maps, time-tables, circulars of steamboat excursions, advertisements of mountain retreats and seaside resorts, and he and his wife sat down to study these, and to decide upon a destination and a route. After an hour or two of indeterminate examination Mr. Archibald declared himself a little tired, and proposed that they should take a recess from their labors and go and call upon their old friends the Stanley Dearborns.

"People on wedding-tours do not make calls," said Mrs. Archibald.

"That may be true," said her husband, "in ordinary cases; and although I do not care to announce to everybody the peculiarities of the expedition which we have undertaken, I do not mind in the least telling the Stanley Dearborns all about it. Stanley himself would not appreciate it; he would consider it absurd; but then he is not at home at this time of day, and Mrs. Dearborn is just the woman to enjoy a reform movement of this sort. Besides, she is full of ideas about everything, and she may propose some good place for us to go to."

Mrs. Dearborn was at home, and very glad to see the Archibalds. She was a woman whose soul was in touch with the higher education of women—with female suffrage, the emancipation of the enslaved mind wherever it might be found, and of progress generally. She was a member of many societies, belonged to committees without end, wrote reports and minutes by day and by night, and was one of that ever-increasing class of good people who continually walk forward in order that their weight may help the world to turn over.

In spite of her principles and the advanced position of her thought, Mrs. Dearborn actually leaned back in her chair and laughed heartily when she learned what sort of a journey the Archibalds were taking. In this merriment Mr. Archibald joined with great glee.

"Ever since I left home," he said. "I have wanted to have a chance for a good laugh at this trip of ours. It is the most delightful joke I have ever known."

Mrs. Archibald could not help smiling, but her brow was clouded. "If this expedition is merely a joke," she said, "I do not think we should have undertaken it; but if it is an earnest assertion of our belief that there should be a change in the customs of society, then I think we should take it seriously, and I see nothing to laugh at."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "we can be good and glad at the same time; and that is what I am, I am sure. What you are doing is the initiation of one of the most worthy reforms of the day, and if it should have an effect in breaking up that wretched custom of the bridal tramp, which is considered so necessary in this country, society should rise up and call you blessed. But it is funny, for all that. I am sure that the woman who dared to go without crinoline was very funny, and when I heard of a hospital for cats I could not help laughing; but I believed in it, and worked for it. And now where are you going?"

"That is what we want to talk to you about," said Mr. Archibald; and for half an hour they talked about it.

At the end of that time it was decided that the mountains were better than the sea or than a quiet lowland nook; and Mrs. Dearborn strongly recommended Sadler's, where she and her husband had spent a part of a summer a few years before.

"We camped out," said she, "and had a fine time. You can camp out at Sadler's more easily and satisfactorily than anywhere else in the world."

Camping suited Mr. Archibald admirably, and, to his surprise, his wife said she might like it very well.

"If people are going to laugh at us," she said, "when they find out we are on a wedding-journey—and they will be sure to find it out in some way or other—I think the fewer people we mingle with the better. I do not think I shall like camping altogether, but I know it is healthful, and I suppose I ought to get used to it. It would be dreadfully lonely for just Mr. Archibald and me, but I suppose we can take some one with us to guide and cook."

"My dear Harriet," said Mrs. Dearborn, "if you are at Sadler's, you can go into any sort of camp you please. I will tell you all about Sadler's. Sadler is a man of progress. His hotel or inn is on the very edge of the forest country, and away from all the centres of resort. He calls his place the terminal link of public travel in that direction. When you leave him you travel privately in any way you like. He has established what he has named a bureau of camping, and he furnishes his patrons with any sort of a camp they may desire. If the party is few in number and of a timid disposition, they can have a camp within shouting distance of his house. If they are brave and adventurous, he will send them out into the depths of the forest. If they like water, he locates them by the shores of a lake. If climbing is their passion, he puts them at the foot of a mountain. Those who want to hunt can do so, and those who dislike fire-arms are placed in a camp where the popping of guns is never heard. He provides tents, guides, provisions, and even dangers and sensations."

"Safety is what I want," interrupted Mrs. Archibald.

"And that he furnishes," said the other, "for those who desire it."

"Sadler is the man for me!" cried Mr. Archibald. "We will go to him, look over his list of camps, and select one to suit us."

"By-the-way," said Mrs. Dearborn, "a thought has struck me. How would you like to take Margery with you?"

"Margery!" exclaimed Mr. Archibald. "That delightful little girl whom I taught to ride a tricycle when you were visiting us? I would like it ever so much."

It struck Mrs. Archibald that people on bridal trips did not generally take children or young girls with them, but it also struck her that if they were going into camp it might be pleasant and in many ways advantageous to her to have some one of her own sex with her; but she had no time to formulate these advantages in her mind before Mrs. Dearborn explained herself in full.

"Since Mr. Dearborn and I came home from Sadler's," she said, "Margery has been perfectly wild to go there, and as soon as the leaves began to bud in the squares she began to talk about it. We saw no possible chance of her going there, for her father is too busy to leave home for any length of time this season, and I cannot go to the mountains this year, for I must visit my sister, who is not well, and there are three summer conventions that I am obliged to attend. But if you could take her with you, I do not believe she would trouble you in the least, and you would give her the greatest of pleasures; and, to speak practically, which I think we always ought to do, it would not be a bad thing on the score of economy, for things are always proportionately cheaper for three people in a camp than for two."

A great many advantages of female companionship now began to creep into Mrs. Archibald's mind: if her husband should take it into his head to go out and hunt at night by the light of a torch; if there should be thunderstorms, and he away with the guide; if he should want to go off and talk to Indians or trappers, and he always did want to go off and talk to people of every class—it would be very pleasant to have even Margery Dearborn with her. So she consented with great good-will to her friend's proposition, and Mrs. Dearborn was much pleased and thankful.

"Margery is a true creature of impulse," she said; "that is really her predominating characteristic, and she will want to bound to the ceiling when she hears she is to go to Sadler's. She is not at home now, but she will be in very soon. You must take luncheon with us."

About a quarter of an hour after that Margery Dearborn came home. She was very glad indeed to see the Archibalds, whom she remembered as the kindest of people; and when she heard they were going to take her to Sadler's, she gave a scream of delight and threw herself upon Mrs. Archibald's neck.

"You are an angel," she cried, "an angel of blessedness, my dear Aunt Harriet! Don't you remember, I used to call you that? Won't you let me call you so still?" And without waiting for an answer, she rushed to Mr. Archibald, with outstretched hands. "Dear Uncle Archibald, you are just as good as ever, I see. You know, I wouldn't call you Uncle Hector, because hectoring meant scolding, which never had anything to do with you. Sadler's! Oh, when do we start?"

"To-morrow is Saturday," replied Mr. Archibald, "and we must get together some things we will need for camp life, and we can start on Monday."

When the visitors were left to themselves for a few moments, Mr. Archibald said to his wife: "Harriet, I am astounded. This girl who used to ride bareback and jump over fences is a young lady now, and a handsome one, too. She is quite a different person from the girl I agreed to take with us."

"Mr. Archibald," said his wife, "you never can remember that in this world people of all ages grow older. She was fourteen when she was visiting us, and that was four years ago, so of course she is a young lady."

"No," he answered, "I don't feel that I am growing any older, and I don't see that you are, and so I totally forget that proclivity in other people. But what do you think now? Can we take this young woman with us to camp? Won't she be a dreadful drag?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Archibald, "I much prefer the young lady to the girl. I don't want to be the only woman in camp, and the nearer the other woman is to my age the better."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "if you are satisfied, I am, and if she will agree to it, we will add our ages for the time being and divide by three, and then we will all stand on a level."

III.—SADLER'S.

It was in the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of June, when Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, accompanied by Miss Margery Dearborn, arrived at Sadler's, and with feelings of relief alighted from the cramped stage-coach which had brought them eight miles from the railroad station.

"Can this be Sadler's?" said Mr. Archibald, in a tone of surprise.

"Of course it must be," said his wife, "since they brought us here."

"It certainly is the place," said Margery, "for there is the name over that door."

"How do you feel about it?" said Mr. Archibald to his wife.

"I feel very well about it," said she. "Why shouldn't I?"

"How do you feel about it?" he asked of the younger lady.

"Well," she answered," I don't exactly understand it. I had visions of forests and wilds and tumbling mountain streams and a general air of primevalism, and I am surprised to see this fine hotel with piazzas, and croquet-grounds, and tennis-courts, and gravelled walks, and babies in their carriages, and elderly ladies carrying sunshades."

"But it seems to me that there is a forest behind it," said Mr. Archibald.

"Yes," replied Margery, a little dolefully, "it has that to back it up."

"Don't let us stand here at the bottom of the steps talking," said Mrs. Archibald. "I must say I am very agreeably surprised."

In the wide hall which ran through the middle of the hotel, and not far from the clerk's desk, there sat a large handsome man, a little past middle age, who, in a hearty voice, greeted the visitors as they entered, but without rising from his chair. This was Peter Sadler, the owner of the hotel, the legal owner of a great deal of the neighboring country, and the actual ruler of more of said country than could be easily marked out upon a map or stated in surveyors' terms.

In fact, Peter Sadler was king of that portion of the vast district of mountain and forest which could be reached in a day's journey in any direction. If he had wished to extend his domain to points at a greater distance than this he would have done so, but so far he was satisfied with the rights he had asserted. He ruled supreme in that region because he had lived longer in the vicinity than any other white man, because he had a powerful will which did not brook opposition, and because there was no one to oppose him.

On the arable land which lay outside of the forest, and which really belonged to him, there were the houses of the men who farmed his fields, and on the outskirts of the woods were scattered here and there the cabins of the hunters and guides he employed, and these men knew no law but his will. Of course the laws of the State covered the district, but such promulgation and enforcement of these as he might consider necessary were generally left to Peter Sadler, and as to his own laws, he was always there to see that these were observed.

His guests submitted themselves to his will, or they left his hotel very soon. To people of discernment and judgment it was not difficult to submit to the will of this full-bearded, broad-chested man, who knew so much better than they did what they ought to do if they wanted to get all the good out of Sadler's which they were capable of assimilating.

This man, who sat all day in a big rolling-chair, and who knew everything that was going on in the hotel, the farm, and the forest about him, had been a hunter and a guide in his youth, an Indian-fighter in later years, and when he had been wounded in both legs, so that it was impossible for him ever to walk again, he came back to the scenes of his youth and established an inn for sportsmen—a poor little house at first, which grew and grew and grew, until it was the large well-kept hotel so widely known by his name.

After dinner, at which meal they were waited upon by women, and not by men in evening dress as Margery had begun to fear, Mr. Archibald sought Peter Sadler and made known to him the surprise of his party at finding themselves in this fine hotel.

"What did you expect?" asked Peter, eying him from head to foot.

"From what we had heard," replied the other, "we supposed we should find some sort of a preparatory camping-ground in the woods, from which we could go out and have a camp of our own."

"That's just what you have found," said Sadler. "In this house you prepare to camp, if you need preparation. If any man, woman, or child comes here and wants to go out to camp, and I see that they are sickly or weak or in any way not fit to live in the woods, I don't let them go one step until they are fit for it. The air and the food and the water they get here will make them fit, if anything will do it, and if these three things don't set them up they simply have to go back where they came from. They can't go into camp from this house. But if they fancy this hotel—and there isn't any reason why anybody shouldn't fancy it—they can stay here as long as they like, and I'll take care of them. Now, sir, if you want to go into camp, the first thing for you to do is to bring your family here and let me take a look at them. I've seen them, of course, but I haven't made up my mind yet whether they are the right sort for camp life. As for you, I think you will do. There isn't much of you, but you look tough."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "That's good rough talk," he said, "and smacks more of camp life than anything I have noticed here. I will go and bring my wife and Miss Dearborn."

"There is another reason why I want to see them," said the bluff Peter; "as you are bent on camping, you'll like to choose a camp, and when anything of that kind is on hand I want to talk to the whole party. I don't care to settle the business with one of them, and then have him come back and say that what has been agreed upon don't suit the others. I want a full meeting or no session."

When Mr. Archibald returned with his wife and Margery he found Peter Sadler had rolled his chair up to a large circular table at the back of the hall, on which was spread a map of the forest. He greeted the ladies in a loud voice and with a cheery smile.

"And so you want to go camping, do you?" said he. "Sit down and let us talk it over. I think the young lady is all right. She looks spry enough, and I expect she could eat pine cones like a squirrel if she were hungry and had nothing else. As for you, madam, you don't appear as if anything in particular was the matter with you, and I should think you could stand a Number Three camp well enough, and be all the better for a week or two of it."

"What is a Number Three camp?" asked Margery, before the astonished Mrs. Archibald could speak.

"Well," said Sadler, "it is a camp with a good deal of comfort in it. Our Number One camps are pretty rough. They are for hunters and scientific people. We give them game enough in season, and some bare places where they can make fires and stretch a bit of canvas. That is all they want, to have a truly good time. That is the best camp of all, I think. Number Two camps are generally for fishermen. They always want a chance for pretty good living when they are out in the woods. They stay in camp in the evenings, and like to sit around and have a good time. Number Threes are the best camps we put families into, so you see, madam, I'm rating you pretty high. There's always a log cabin in these camps, with cots and straw mattresses and plenty of traps for cooking. And, more than that, there is a chance for people who don't tramp or fish to do things, such as walking or boating, according to circumstances. There's one of our camps has a croquet-ground."

"Oh, we don't want that!" cried Margery; "it would simply ruin every illusion that is left to me."

"Glad to hear that," said Peter. "If you want to play croquet, stay at the hotel; that's what I say. Now, then, here are the camps, and there's plenty of them to choose from. You've come in a good time, for the season isn't fairly begun yet. Next month every camp will be full, with the hotel crowded with people waiting for their turns."

"What we want," said Margery, rising and looking over the map, is the wildest Number Three you have."

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "Not so fast, miss; perhaps we'll wait and see what this lady has to say first. If I'm not mistaken, madam, I think you're inclined the other way, and I don't put people into camps that they will be wanting to leave after the first rainy day. Now let me show you what I've got. Here is one, four hours' walk, horses for women, with a rocky stream through the middle of it!"

"That is grand!" cried Margery. "And really in the woods?"

"Now let me do the talking," said Peter. "They are all in the woods; we don't make camps in pasture-fields. Even the Number Sevens, where the meals are sent to the campers from the hotel and they have bath-tubs, are in the woods. Now here is another one, about three miles west from the one I just showed you, but the same distance from here. This, you see, is on the shore of a lake, with fishing, boating, and bathing if you can stand cold water."

"Glorious!" cried Margery. "That is exactly what we want. A lake will be simply heavenly!"

"Everything seems to suit you, miss," said Peter, "just as soon as you hear of it. But suppose we consider more of them before you choose. Some two miles north of here, in the thickest of the forest, in a clearing that I had made, there is a small camp that strikes the fancy of some people. There is a little stream there, and it's got fish in it too, and it runs through one corner of the log cabin, so there are seven or eight feet of the stream inside the house; and on rainy days you can sit there and fish; and some people like to go to sleep with the running water gurgling close to them where they can hear it when they are in bed. Then there's an owl to this camp. The men heard him there when they were making the clearing, and he's never left the spot. Some people who have been out there said they never felt as much away from the world as they did listening to that little stream gurgling and that owl hooting."

"I believe," exclaimed Margery, "that in a place like that I could write poetry!"

"It would give me the rheumatism and the blues," said Mrs. Archibald, upon which Peter Sadler exclaimed:

"That settles that. Now then, here is another."

Several other camps were considered, but it was the general conclusion that the one by the lake was the most desirable. It had a good cabin with three rooms, with plenty of open space near by for the tents of the guides; there was a boat which belonged to the camp, and in every way it seemed so suitable that Mr. Archibald secured it. He thought the price was rather high, but as it included guides, provisions, fishing-tackle, and in fact everything needed, he considered that although it might cost as much as lodgings in a city hotel, they would get more good out of it.

"Has this camp any name?" asked the enthusiastic Margery, in the course of the conference.

"That's about your twenty-seventh question, miss," said Peter, "but it's one I can answer. Yes, it's got a name. It's called Camp Rob."

"Oh!" ejaculated Margery, in a disappointed tone. "What a name!"

"Yes," said Peter, "it isn't much of a name. The first people who went out there named it that, and it stuck to it, and it's all it's got. Camps are like horses—we've got to tell them apart, and so we give them names, and that's Camp Rob."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PAINTER OF SYMBOLISM.

It seems strange to associate the work and personality of the late Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones with the busy, practical nineteenth century, to which he seemed foreign in every way. His compositions, his technique, and the life of the man himself were far removed from the times in which he lived, while his thoughts, inspirations, and methods were quite apart from those which actuated his contemporaries. He was somehow a survival, or perhaps a resurrection, of a bygone age, and he belonged back four hundred years. Not that Burne-Jones was behind his times, or that his work was lacking. On the contrary, he was in the front rank of his profession; he stood the test of the most severe criticism; he lived to down opposition to his work, and he died appreciated as few of his countrymen have been; and throughout his career, even when the general public had little comprehension of his aims and ambitions, he never for a moment lacked for practical approbation, holding always a faithful *clientèle* which secured his work not only willingly, but gratefully, at large prices.

As if further to accentuate the incongruity of this fifteenth-century dreamer appearing in nineteenth-century times, Burne-Jones was born in 1833, in Birmingham—most mercantile, busiest, and most modern of all English cities. Destined for the Church, he found himself reading theology at Exeter College in 1856, when Rossetti, Morris, and Princeps were painting the Arthurian frescoes on the walls of the Oxford Union debating-room. He had previously worked at sketching, and in his odd moments had found time to give artistic expression to a mind that was teeming with poetic thoughts. He was attracted by the personality and the painting of Rossetti, and to him he submitted his work. The latter approving, Burne-Jones then and there gave up his university course, and henceforth devoted himself to art. He was practically self-taught, though his intimacy with Rossetti resulted in his receiving many criticisms. In connection with other pictorial work, he began almost at once making designs for stained glass, and here his feeling for beauty, symbolism, and the intellectual rendering of legend, religious subject, and poetry found sympathetic outlet, and ever since these have been the themes that have actuated his labors.

He found himself at once in sympathy with the primitive Italians, and he was drawn most of all to Botticelli, who, though he never copied, was his evident inspiration. The types of femininity, the draperies, and the general sentiment of the works of the great Florentine attracted him and held him fascinated. But his men and women were his own, after all. The arrangements were original, and the color, less alluring, it must be admitted, was personal, and, in a way, all

(*Continued on page 652.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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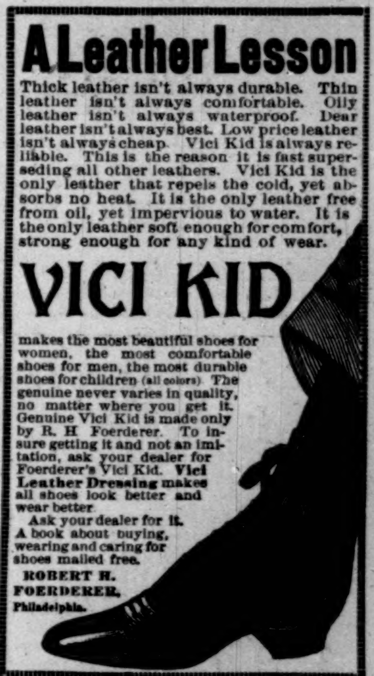
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SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE-JONES.

(Continued from page 651.)

were filtered through the sturdier temperament of the Anglo-Saxon. Elected to the Royal Academy, he later resigned because he deplored the unfairness that excluded many capable men from membership, and for years he held aloof from exhibitions, reappearing only when Sir Coutts Lindsay opened the famous Grosvenor Gallery. His work at once provoked criticism, favorable and otherwise, and the public came in droves to see it. There came to be a Burne-Jones vogue, his disciples came in for sarcasm, and the pictures for ridicule. Mr. Gilbert's lines in "Patience,"

> A greenery, yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man,

were on everybody's tongue.

But he survived the ridicule, and he became the most appreciated English artist of his time. Only within a few weeks "The Mirror of Venus," an important example of his work, sold at public auction in London for $27,850, a substantial evidence of his popularity. The Queen made him a baronet in 1894, and for years he was associated with the house of William Morris, the decorator and printer, making illustrations for some of the books that came from the Kelmscott Press. In France he was thoroughly appreciated, and many of the symbolist painters there have adopted his ideas, though his technique was less appealing to the Frenchmen. He lived quietly and unostentatiously in West Kensington in a house once occupied by Samuel Richardson, and he painted with little regard for aught save his art. Living, he embodied within his art the charms of scholarship, temperament, and poetry; dying, he has left behind many beautiful and intellectually wrought canvases that add lustre and renown to the nineteenth-century output of English art.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 635.)

Direct cable communication has been established between the United States and Guantanamo Bay, where our marines and war-ships are now in control of land and water.

Wednesday, June 22.—Two memorable despatches, sent from Playa del Este, the new station on the Cuban coast, midway between Santiago and Guantanamo, reached Washington. The first, addressed to the Secretary of War, was received this afternoon. It reads:

> OFF BAIQUIRI, CUBA, *June 22.*
>
> Landing at Baiquiri this afternoon successful. Very little, if any, resistance.
>
> SHAFTER.

The second, to the Secretary of the Navy, came in the evening, and is as follows:

> PLAYA DEL ESTE, *June 22, 1898*—6.50 P. M.
>
> Landing army progressing favorably at Baiquiri. There was very little resistance. The *New Orleans, Detroit, Castine, Wasp,* and *Suwanee* shelled vicinity before landing. Made a demonstration at Cabañas to engage attention of the enemy. The *Texas* engaged west battery for some hours. She had one man killed. Ten submarine mines have been recovered from the channel of Guantanamo. Communication by telegraph has been established at Guantanamo.
>
> SAMPSON.

Baiquiri is an anchorage sixteen miles in a direct line from the city of Santiago de Cuba.

A full report from the surgeon who, as medical officer attached to the *Solace,* with Admiral Sampson's fleet, speaks with authority of the nature of the wounds received in the four days' fight between our marines at Camp McCalla and the Spaniards, has been forwarded to Surgeon-General Van Reypen of the navy. This report includes a definite statement that the corpses were not mutilated. Severe wounds made by Mauser rifle-balls were supposed to have had another cause; and this misjudgment found its way both into reports from Camp McCalla and into Admiral Sampson's despatch—as recorded in the "Diary" last week.

General Duffield and four battalions of his brigade left Camp Alger for Santiago de Cuba. The forwarding of re-enforcements to Shafter has begun.

Thursday, June 23.—The Monitor *Monadnock* and the collier *Nero* sailed for Manila to re-enforce Dewey.

Re-enforcement for Augustin is also well under way, if reliance may be placed upon despatches from Madrid, London, Algiers, and Gibraltar—all of which assert that Admiral Camara's squadron (transports carrying troops, convoyed by war-ships) is proceeding eastward towards Suez. In the Chamber of Deputies at Madrid, Prime-Minister Sagasta declared to-day that this squadron was bound for the Philippines. Our State Department has been informed that the squadron was sighted off the island of Pantellaria.

(Continued on page 654.)

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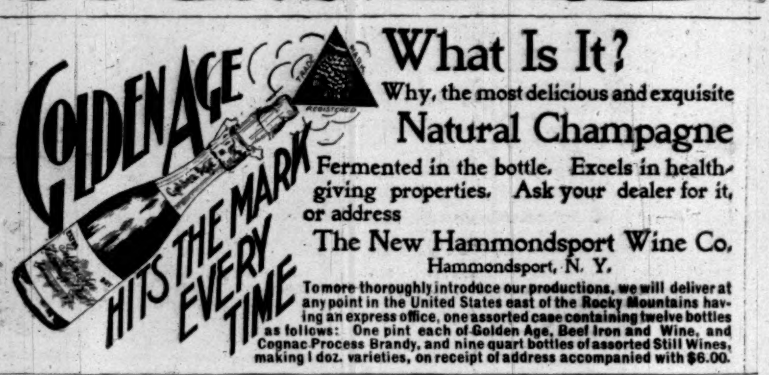

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AN EXTRACT.—"The first night I had slept a little from sheer exhaustion. "This next was terrible. I vomited incessantly; I was chilled to the bone, and could "not warm myself. I suffered horrible pains in the head and throughout my whole "body. Next day, of course, I was a wreck. They told me I had been delirious half "the night. I remember nothing of the day; but next night I got a couple of hours' "sleep, and was rather better in consequence. But vomiting went on steadily, and "the fourth night I was again delirious. The next day I was as bad as ever; but, "thanks to a good dose of Beecham's Pills, I had an excellent night, and I truly be-"lieve that they saved my life. I knew well where I picked up this fever—in the "marshes of Mwenzo, and near Kituta—and the killing thing was being unable to "stop to cure it; the ten days on the lake especially, often without food for twenty-"four hours, nearly finished me. I felt certain at the time that I was done for; and I "very nearly was."

FROM "*THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA*," by LIONEL DECLE (Methuen & Co.). Mr. Lionel Decle covered a distance of ***over 7000 miles at one stretch,*** between Cape Town on the South and Mombassa on the East Coast of Africa. It is worth noting that this "unique journey" would probably have been cut short, and, to quote the introduction by Mr. H. M. STANLEY, M.P., ***"its vivid record"*** would never have been penned had not Mr. Lionel Decle provided himself with a supply of Beecham's Pills.

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AT NEW LONDON AGAIN.

WITH A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE OF COLLEGE BOATING.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

FEW boat-races have owed less to fortune than that of 1898 at New London. Since the last race, at Poughkeepsie, we had discovered that, however gallant the navies of our colleges, our fighting navy is capable of putting up contests which are no less sportsmanlike and are much more engrossing. The statement causes a shock to university pride, but it is well to come out with it honestly. Even in the obsolete whaling-town at the mouth of the American Thames the effects of warfare were manifest. The harbor, it seems, is thoroughly mined, and there was an official whose duty it was to anchor collegiate yachts beyond the sphere of the explosives. The nutmeg towns-people whispered that he got fifty dollars a day for the job; and he was a greater man in consequence than the chairman of the New London Board of Trade, though not as great as the hotel-keepers who charged ten dollars a day for rooms. Because of these mines, and because of the state of war that occasioned them, the fleet of yachts was a mere handful, and grave fears were expressed for the success of the day. We had counted without our hosts. Three great universities, fountains of eternal youths, poured their streams into that quiet corner of Connecticut. The oldest living graduate, bathing in those streams, would have felt the weight of responsibility slipping from his shoulders. To be on the scene of so many conflicts, in the pleasant old town at the mouth of our Thames, after years of exile at Poughkeepsie, was like an excursion to the land of one's youth. Be it known that the "Pequot Sewer" is still the cup that cheers. At least, the undergraduates cheered. And when at midnight the graduates conveyed their years and dignity to those same old Pequot bedrooms, the cheering kept on and banished sleep, or made it tardy in coming. That was not the worst of it. Morning had scarcely dawned when the eternal youths bubbled forth with vigor unimpaired. A pair of blinds was banged open, and the graduates were aroused by a raucous cry of "Wake up, fellows, wake up! Here's a bright new day that hasn't been *touched* yet!"

It was a bright new day, but its promise was false. A wreck on the railroad delayed the special trains from New York, and, to say nothing of the agony of belated graduates from New York, the event proved an irremediable blow to the industrious reporter who had already despatched a "picturesque story" of their arrival on time. The lateness of the trains delayed the race until a thunder-storm arrived; and—to say nothing of a drenched observation train, the tragedy of ruined costumes, and the fidgeting of anxious oarsmen—the industrious reporter on the press-boat was unable to get ashore to arrest his picturesque story of a fair day and the crews well off. At seven o'clock, when the conditions were perfect except for a spatter of rain, the race could not be rowed because the buoys marking the course had been blown over, and darkness fell before they could be righted. For the first time in the memory of the oldest living graduate, the race was postponed a day.

Yet the fountain of eternal youths bubbled on. Their gayety was caught up even by the brand-new waiters at the brand-new Mohican Hotel. "Two table-d'hôte *diners* for t'ree dollairs," they repeated glibly to every new diner; "and you can have all you get, eef you can eat eet." This was of course a badly twisted version of the gibe of some eternal youth, for the main question was whether you could get it. At least, the few who were able to get it seemed able to eat it. That night at the Crocker House bar the eternal youths became a torrent. The Yale men in the Connecticut Naval Reserve brought on a party of their comrades from New Haven, and the fighting navy cheered the navy of peace. There were also what on a first glance you would have thought the crew of a New London whaler—sou'westers and tarpaulings scattered everywhere. A second glance revealed duck trousers beneath the tarpauling great-coat, or a straw hat with brilliant hat-band above it, and between the sou'wester jacket and hat a pair of academic eye-glasses and a cigarette. The drenched masses from the observation train, after exhausting the umbrellas of the town, had sacked the shops of the nautical outfitters on Bank Street. The mingling of college yells was as bewildering as the mingling of costumes. A cheer that began as a good straight frog chorus from New Haven would end up with a long C-o-r-n-e-l-l; and three long Harvards would end with a mighty Y-a-l-e. A solitary Princeton man, who gave a tiger for old Nassau all by himself in a corner, was soon surrounded by a throng of diverse partisans, who mixed a Princeton cheer with Cornell, Yale, and Harvard. Finally a Yale football guard, in a spasm of magnanimity, commanded "Nine long Harvards, with nothing t'hell at the end but Harvard." That finished things for the ancient graduates, and they slunk away from the students that cheered, with a very sober realization of their antiquity. They had suspected all along that New London was a better place to go to than Poughkeepsie, but they had not really known it until they saw how those eternal youths touched a new day in all the old resorts, in spite of its false promise of brightness.

The story of the race is sufficiently plain in the official times:

	Cornell.	Yale.	Harvard.
One-half mile	2.43	2.44	2.48
One mile	5.39	5.45	5.54
One and one-half miles	8.41	8.45	9.01
Two miles	11.37	11.45	12.02
Two and one-half miles	14.43	14.55	15.15
Three miles	17.43	17.59	18.28
Three and one-half miles	20.32	20.42	21.12
Four miles	23.48	24.02	24.35

Harvard was behind at the start, and in spite of one or two attempts to rally, gradually lost ground. Her position, so far as the stream is concerned, was the best of the three; but it was obvious from the press-boat that she was handicapped by the wind and water, both of which she felt most severely, especially in the third mile. The eight stopped rowing before the finish, some ten lengths behind Yale, and drifted over the line. The position of the crew at the finish is a fair index of its performance. The course rowed was a series of arabesques, and the coxswain lost badly at the stakes marking the turns. The oarsmanship was by no means finished, and the rowing lacked power. Of course there are explanations. Kernan, at No. 2, had been substituted in the last fortnight of practice, and never really got together with the rest. And the material, though carefully sifted from the class crews, was far beneath the average of previous years. Before the race Mr. Lehmann told me that all the men in the boat, except Perkins, who was too heavy, were ideal bow oars. After the race I think he might have omitted the "ideal."

The work of the Yale crew would, in any previous year at New London, have been called superb. The only thing the matter with it was that it was matched against rowing in which the most expert critic could scarcely find a fault. Its position between Harvard and Cornell was the second choice, so far as the stream was concerned, and the heavy wind and rough water were fitted to a crew averaging 170 pounds, and were precisely what Yale men had been hoping for. It rowed the stroke it had been taught, rowed it well, and with the courage in adversity which has always characterized Yale teams; and the strength and physical condition of the crew were such that, with the exception of bow, whose head dropped for a moment on his oar after the finish, none of the men showed signs of distress. If they were inferior to Cornell in oarsmanship, the difference was perceptible, for the most part, only to old oarsmen. The leading crews rowed thirty-two strokes to the minute—and Harvard too, for that matter—except on a spurt, when the stroke went up a peg or two. As Yale and Cornell rowed almost equally well, the difference between the two crews was probably in the power that went into each stroke. It was merely a matter of vitality. The Yale men, five of whom were from the Freshmen crew of last season, averaged nineteen and five-eighths years old—two years less than Cornell. They had not the same nervous energy to put into the stroke, and they were not so well able to stand the strain of the race. The defect is one that time may remedy, and all the best men in the boat have a year or two more to row, whereas four of the Cornell men are to graduate this year, and three of them next.

The Cornell crew had third choice of positions, and was forced to begin the race in shallow water. According to an interview published in a New York newspaper, the crew considered that this cost it the equivalent of several boat-lengths. Yet from the press-boat it was manifest that in both wind and water it had a great advantage, and in view of the fact that the men averaged nine and a half pounds less than Yale, this advantage must have made considerable difference. The Harvard crew, which was of about the same weight as Cornell, must have suffered far more from the weather conditions than it gained from its first choice of course. Yet no permutation of positions could have affected the order in which the crews finished, or detracted from the splendid achievement of the Cornell crew. Old oarsmen from Yale and from Harvard spoke with unqualified praise, and an old Oxford oarsmen told me that, so far as he could see, there was no single fault to find. Both in form and in dash the race was such as can be rowed only by men who have pulled together two and three years, who are at one with their coach, and who are inspired by loyalty and by love of their *alma mater*. There is no reason why such a crew, properly acclimatized, should not bring home the Grand Challenge Cup from Henley.

A notable feature of this very notable race is the fact that to accommodate three crews the old straightaway course was abandoned for a wider course which follows the bending of the ship channel. The straightaway course was narrow even for two crews, and in the very ancient days when Harvard used to get the lion's share of victory the Yale crew attributed defeat to the fact that it had been forced to row in the eel-grass of the shallows. On such occasions the leader of the Harvard Glee Club used to ask his men why the Harvard crew never got into the eel-grass, and they answered, in chorus, "There's only room for one!"—a refrain which was used with equal success to explain why the New Haven girls had only one foot in the grave. Those were rude times, unchivalrous and ungallant. It was to be hoped that the broad new course would obliterate the memory of them; but I tremble to think what might happen if an ambitious crew were beaten in the western path.

Perhaps the most interesting development of the season's rowing was with regard to the stroke. In times past the newspapers have been filled with criticisms and comparisons of various styles, crammed full of technical terms and considerations that filled a reader's soul with admiration. A few days of reporting at New London made me suspect that the sagacious critics had really done little more than rehash a mess of ill-assorted phrases, which it does credit to any man's intelligence not to understand. In the present season, at any rate, such discussions have little or no value. Mr. Cook, the Yale coach, told me that all three crews were rowing the same stroke. There had been a great deal of talk, he said, about an American stroke and an English stroke, and Cornell's victory last year was hailed as a product of home industry; but, in point of fact, the Cornell stroke differed only in minor details from the traditional Yale stroke, which was a close adaptation of the stroke Mr. Cook had observed, in the late seventies, during a study of English boating. The main differences between the English stroke and that rowed by Cornell and Yale were due to the different rigging of American shells—seats that all slide above the keelson instead of alternately on the opposite side of the boat from the outriggers, and swivel oarlocks instead of stationary thole-pins. This stroke Cornell had learned at Henley and from watching the Yale crews. Mr. Cook was at one time inclined toward the traditional Courtney stroke, with its rapid leg-drive and absence of body-swing; but he soon returned to his first love. It is to be noted that in proportion as Mr. Courtney slowed down his time and lengthened the swing, the record time of his crews improved. Mr. Courtney stated to me that, so far as he had been able, he had kept this year's crew to the last year's stroke, and he makes no claim of originating its essential principles. Mr. Lehmann said that there were really only two ways to row, a good way and a bad way, and that the crews at New London were all rowing the good way. In a word, the intercourse between America and England during the last twenty-odd years has convinced our leading oarsmen that the principles of the English stroke are the correct ones, and they are agreed that it is best to stick to the English principles as far as the rigging of our boats will allow. The question of rigging, finally, I referred to Mr. Chase Mellen, who rowed four years on the excellent Brasenose crew at Oxford, and has since rowed, coached, and observed a decade or more in America. In his opinion, the differences in rigging were immaterial, so long as a crew kept to the long leg-drive and the long body-swing. The English stroke, whether adopted as at Harvard or adapted as at Cornell and Yale, is now generally approved, and is not likely soon to be forgotten. Certain variations, it is true, were to be observed in the Cornell boat. The men swung farther back than last year, and their recover began with more of a jerk than is usual in England, but I could not find that any one qualified to judge thought these features more than variations depending on the individuality of the coach. Mr. Courtney told me that he had not been aware of the fact that the stroke had varied from its last year's form until the fact was pointed out by returning graduates.

With the happy establishment of a uniform style at New London, there bid fair to be radical changes in the personnel of the coaches, at least at Yale and Harvard. During Mr. Cook's long and very successful leadership a school of young oarsmen has grown up that is more closely in sympathy with present undergraduate aims and intentions. For some years past there has been an effort to give these men a controlling voice in crew management. This year, I understand, the movement is reaching a head, and it is not unlikely that next spring will see a new man in charge of the crew. As far as I could make out, the choice is likely to lie between Mr. Alfred Cowles, of Chicago, and Dr. J. A. Hartwell, of New York. Dr. Hartwell is widely known as a football-player and a crew captain, and is, besides, a scholar of mark. If he undertakes the coaching, as Yale men think the more likely, the crew will have a man of strong personal popularity and strong power of leadership; and there is every reason to think that he will preserve all that is best in Yale rowing traditions.

At Harvard it is understood that Mr. Lehmann will not return. During his stay of two years, however, he has taught or has been the means of teaching scores of oarsmen the principles of good rowing, and there should be a number of men capable of carrying on his task. Mr. J. J. Storrow, captain of the winning crew of '85, has been his constant aide, and is not unlikely to be given command next year. It seems probable that he will be assisted by Mr. E. C. Storrow, '89, who had charge of this year's Freshman crew, and succeeded so well that his men, in spite of a recent fit of tonsillitis that visited the entire crew, came in only half a length behind the Yale, and well ahead of the Cornell Freshmen. In the past the vice of Harvard oarsmanship has been the absence of a settled style. An old oar who had rowed excellently in four defeated crews lately told me that he had learned four different strokes. Now that there is but one style at New London, and that a good one, a similar lack of consistency would be little short of maniacal. Whether Harvard accepts Lehmann's lieutenants, and whether she adheres to the English rigging, are matters of indifference compared with the fact that a stroke has been established which there is every reason to stick to. In spite of two years of sore defeat, Harvard men have seldom had more reason to hope the crews in the future will give a good account of the university.

The plans of Cornell for another year are in doubt only as regards the question of whether she will compete at New London. From her own point of view there are excellent reasons why she should not. In order to compete with Yale and Harvard at their natural and traditional meeting-place, she has to make a tedious and expensive journey—a journey which in time and in money is prohibitive to a vast majority of undergraduates. Then, too, in order to meet neighboring universities, that in other sports than rowing and in geographical position are her natural rivals, she has to row two hard races under the most trying circumstances. It is not strange that she should have been the champion of an American Henley at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga; and the objection raised against the western course at New London has a smack of the old preference for a meeting in New York State.

That Yale and Harvard will consent to row again at Poughkeepsie or at Saratoga seems far from likely. The journey is almost as trying as that from Ithaca to New London, and the place lacks all the charm of tradition and atmosphere that cluster about the historic course. If the oarsmen I talked with at the recent race are at all representative of the feeling of their universities, the question of breaking with Cornell is merely a question of expediency. Each college seemed actually more eager that Cornell should be beaten than that its own boat should win. Apparently it was thought that a victory would make it easier to say good-by to the third crew.

The propriety of this feeling is open to question. The point at stake is not whether Cornell is a worthy opponent—of that there has been no doubt for years. It is whether the triple arrangement at New London is for the best interests of sportsmanship at Yale, Harvard, and Cornell. If it is not, and the best sense of all three universities seems to be that it is not, it is far better for Yale and Harvard to end relationships, now that Cornell has reached a top notch in her fortunes, than to take advantage of the failure of an off year. It seems more manly to say, You have shown yourself better in every race, and we covet the glory of a possible victory, but we have found that we care more about each other, and wish to eliminate every element that detracts from the spirit of our natural and traditional rivalry.

The experience of the past decade has shown that no one college is physically able to give its best dates to the worthiest opponents in all contests, and at the same time meet its traditional and natural rivals on even terms. For half a dozen years past the wisest advisers at both Yale and Harvard have favored a dual league. The trend of athletic development of late has made the dual league a virtual fact. Next fall, for the first time, Harvard is to be given the advantage over Princeton in the football dates, and it is possible that the athletic team will withdraw from the inter-collegiate games. It is not to be assumed that the parties to a dual league are to hold aloof from other colleges. The case is rather that games with other colleges are to be regarded as incidental and in a measure preparatory to the final game. A college will play all comers, so far as it is possible to do so without endangering the contest with a natural rival. In the same way, Oxford and Cambridge have always met all possible teams in cricket and the two games of football—many of them teams of distinct superiority—and have yet made such matches tributary to the inter-'varsity match.

This tendency toward concentrating athletic interests is by no means incompatible with the adoption of the Henley idea. At Poughkeepsie or Saratoga the thing that makes Henley Henley is physically impossible for most of the colleges that are expected to compete there. From Yale or Harvard the journey is expensive in both time and money; and once there, it is necessary to stay or to go back for good. In England it is possible to run up daily from London or Oxford, and, at a pinch, from Cambridge, and yet see all the races. For three or four pounds an English undergraduate can be at all three days of Henley and share all its pleasures. The first requisite for a regatta like Henley is that it shall draw its support from a small area. At Harvard and at Yale a movement is afoot that seems likely to end in augmenting the programme of races at New London, so that there will be several races a day during several days. At both colleges the class crews are becoming more and more prominent, and at both there are boat clubs that are putting forth lay crews of increasing excellence. Under Mr. Lehmann's influence the Weld Boat Club of Harvard has become very active, and has won notable races against outside boat clubs. A few years more of development and a slight rearrangement of fixtures will give scope to a number of interesting races at New London appealing to the colleges, schools, and clubs of New England. A similar regatta might be held in any other geographical section of the country—for instance, at Poughkeepsie, Saratoga, Detroit, or on the Mississippi.

Any one who is inclined to commiserate with Mr. Lehmann on the result of his mission would do well to consider what he has accomplished for Harvard, and through Harvard for American boating, along the lines of general development. He found a university that had passed only a step beyond the conditions that have dominated boating in all American universities. The aquatic interest existed for the purpose of getting out winning crews; all races were aimed solely at this result, and the so-called sport of boating was about as much fun as galley slavery. Taking advantage of the Weld Boat Club and the class races, he broadened and developed boating as a sport, and by doing so established a school for the teaching of the true principles of rowing. In a paper printed a few months ago in these pages I described the long and delightful course of the Oxonian who makes his way to a 'varsity boat, and pointed out how perfectly the system was adapted to maintaining and perfecting oarsmanship. Such a system Mr. Lehmann has started at Harvard. Its full development cannot be reached until the social life of the place is divided into definite units, as in the English colleges, but it is a long stride in advance that the notion of it has become fixed. It will be interesting to watch the development of the ideas he has bequeathed to us. It should be the duty of some graduate, not too old, to burst open his blinds on the morning of the next boat-race, and wake up the undergraduates with the tidings that a bright new day has dawned at New London that has not yet been touched.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 652.)

Friday, June 24.—The Cortes was dissolved by decree of the Queen-Regent. Martial law was proclaimed in Madrid. It is asserted that the Sagasta cabinet will resign to make way for a new government which will not be so positively committed to the policy of continuing the war.

"In pushing out to occupy a good position near Sevilla to wait and intrench until supplies and artillery could be landed, the Fourteenth [should read *First*] and Tenth Cavalry and Wood's regiment had a skirmish. The enemy was driven from his position, and General Wheeler reports he now occupies the ground." . . . . "Further news from General Wheeler places our loss in this morning's firing at about ten killed and forty wounded." . . . . "The Spaniards occupied a very strong and intrenched position on a high hill. The firing lasted about an hour, and the enemy was driven from his position, which is now occupied by our troops, about a mile and a half from Sevilla. The enemy has retired toward Santiago de Cuba." General Shafter's despatches to the War Department, from which the foregoing sentences are taken, refer to an engagement that will always be remembered, not only as the first serious action after the landing of our army of invasion, but also because our dismounted cavalry, in a most difficult position and after severe losses, gave proof of superb fighting quality by their determined and ultimately victorious advance. Briefly told, the story is that the enemy, having withdrawn from the immediate neighborhood of Baiquiri when our forces landed there, retreated towards Santiago; but at a point near Sevilla, which lies southeast of Santiago, two thousand Spaniards took up a strong position to bar the way. When news of this stand was brought by our scouts, General Young's brigade marched directly to the attack, while the dismounted "Rough Riders," under Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, took another route to the same point. The latter walked into an ambush in a narrow trail that led upward between hill-sides covered with brush. This brush, jungle, chaparral—whatever word seems densest—hid the enemy. From three sides at once a heavy fire at short range was opened upon our men. Sergeant Hamilton Fish was the first American soldier to fall; soon afterward Captain A. K. Capron was mortally wounded. A perfect list of our losses cannot be made at this time, and the number of men slain in this encounter on the Spanish side is not known. Fierce and yet accurate firing by this extraordinary regiment of cowboys and clubmen, dead-shots in the main, directed by a colonel who at that particular moment could suggest, "Don't swear, or you'll catch no fish," proved to be at least sufficient to hold their terribly exposed position until reenforcements came up; then a dash carried hills, thickets, and an iron building in which the Spaniards had fortified themselves. And so General Shafter, from headquarters on the *Segurança*, is able to say in his despatch that "General Wheeler [who commands on shore] reports he now occupies the ground."

A DIGEST OF THE WAR REVENUE BILL.

The Act "*To provide ways and means to meet war expenditures, and for other purposes,*" makes the following provisions:

The tax on beer manufactured or sold or stored in warehouses, or removed for consumption or sale, within the United States, is increased from one dollar to two dollars on every barrel containing not more than thirty-one gallons, and at a like rate for fractional parts of a barrel.

A discount of 7½ per cent. is to be allowed by collectors to brewers on sales of stamps.

SPECIAL TAXES.

Bankers: with capital not exceeding $25,000	$ 50.00
Same: with capital above $25,000, for each additional $1000	2.00

(NOTE.—Savings-banks with no capital stock are exempted.)

Brokers	50.00
Pawnbrokers	20.00
Commercial brokers	20.00
Custom-house brokers	10.00
Proprietors of places of amusement in places of more than 25,000 population	100.00
Circuses	100.00
Proprietors or agents of all other shows	10.00

(NOTE.—Tax must be paid once in every State or Territory where exhibitions are held.)

Bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms—each alley or table	5.00
TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES, AND SNUFF.	
All tobacco and snuff, per pound	.12
Cigars and cigarettes weighing more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	3.60
Cigars weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	1.00
Cigarettes weighing not more than three pounds per thousand, per 1000	1.50
Dealers in leaf tobacco and tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs.	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not more than 100,000 lbs.	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs.	24.00
Manufacturers of tobacco: annual sales not exceeding 50,000 lbs.	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 50,000 and not exceeding 100,000 lbs.	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 lbs.	24.00
Manufacturers of cigars: annual sales not exceeding 100,000 cigars	6.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 100,000 but not 200,000 cigars	12.00
Same: annual sales exceeding 200,000 cigars	24.00

(NOTE.—Any person liable to these taxes who shall not have paid them shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall pay a fine of not more than $500, or be imprisoned not more than six months, or both, at the discretion of the court.)

ADHESIVE STAMPS.

After the 1st of July, 1898, there shall be paid the following stamp taxes. The penalty for not paying them shall be a fine of not more than $100, and the unstamped instruments shall not be competent evidence in any court. Proper provisions are made against forgery and evasion of the law, while a penalty is provided for non-cancellation of the stamps. Public bonds, debentures, and certificates of indebtedness are exempted from the payment of the tax.

This exemption includes stocks and bonds issued by cooperative building and loan associations, capital stock not exceeding $10,000, and building and loan associations making loans only to their members.

Foreign bonds are required to pay the same taxes as domestic bonds when sold in the United States.

SCHEDULE A.

Bonds, debentures, or certificates of indebtedness issued after the first day of July, 1898, by any association, company, or corporation, on each $100 of face value or fraction thereof	.05
And on each original issue of certificates of stock, on each $100 of face value, or fraction thereof	.05
On all sales, or agreements to sell, or memoranda of sales, or deliveries or transfers of shares or certificates of stock, on each $100 or fraction thereof	.02
On each sale, agreement of sale, or agreement to sell any products or merchandise at any exchange or board of trade, or other similar place, either for present or future delivery, for each $100 in value of said sale, or agreement of sale, or agreement to sell	.01
And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.01
On checks, drafts, or certificates of deposit not drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money drawn upon or issued by any bank, trust company, or any person or persons, companies, or corporations, at sight or on demand	.02
Inland bills of exchange, drafts, or certificates of deposit drawing interest, or order for the payment of any sum of money otherwise than at sight or on demand, or any promissory note, except bank-notes issued for circulation, and for each renewal of the same, for a sum not exceeding $100	.02
And for each additional $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.02

(NOTE.—This applies to domestic money-orders issued by the United States.)

Foreign bills of exchange and letters of credit, including orders issued by express or other companies, drawn in but payable out of the United States, not exceeding $100	.04
And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.04
If drawn in sets of two or more, for every bill of each set not exceeding $100	.02
And for each $100, or fractional part thereof in excess of $100	.02
Bills of lading or receipts, other than charter party, for merchandise to be exported from the United States to any foreign port	.10
Common carriers must issue bills of lading for goods shipped to the consignor or his agent, and on the original and each duplicate of these	.01

(NOTE.—But one bill of lading shall be required on bundles or packages of newspapers when enclosed in one general bundle at the time of shipment. Failure to issue these bills of lading entails a penalty of $50 on carrier for each offence.)

Telephone messages for which a charge of fifteen cents or more is imposed	.01
Telegraphic despatches	.01

(NOTE.—Tax on telephone and telegraphic messages is not to be levied on messages dealing with the business of the telephone or telegraph company or railroad company sending them.)

Indemnity bonds	.50
Certificates of profits, or any certificate or memorandum showing an interest in the property or accumulations of any association, and all transfers thereof, on each $100 of value or fractional part thereof	.02
Certificates of damage issued by port-wardens, etc.	.25
Certificates of any legal description not otherwise specified	.10
Charter party, vessel not exceeding 300 tons	3.00
Same, vessel exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons	5.00
Same, vessel exceeding 600 tons	10.00
Broker's contract or memorandum of sale	.10
Conveyances of real estate, consideration value exceeding $100 and less than $500	.50
For each additional $500 or fractional part thereof	.50
Custom-house entry of goods, not exceeding $100 in value	.25
Same, exceeding $100 and not exceeding $500	.50
Same, exceeding $500	1.00
Entry for withdrawal of any merchandise in custom-house bonded warehouses	.50
Life-insurance policies: each $100 or fractional part thereof of amount insured	.08
Provided, that on insurance policies issued on the industrial or weekly payment plan, of the amount of the first weekly premium	40 per cent.

(NOTE.—Provisions do not apply to fraternal or beneficiary societies or orders, or farmers' purely local co-operative companies or associations, or employés' relief associations, operated on the lodge system or local co-operation plan, organized and conducted solely by the members thereof for the benefit of themselves, and not for profit.)

Marine, inland, and fire insurance: on each dollar or fractional part thereof	½ of 1 per cent.

(NOTE.—Purely co-operative or mutual fire-insurance companies exempted.)

Casualty, fidelity, and guaranty insurance: upon premium charged on each dollar or fractional part thereof	½ of 1 per cent.
Leases, not exceeding one year	.25
Same, exceeding one year but not three	.50
Same, exceeding three years	1.00
Custom-house manifests of entry or clearance, tonnage of vessel not exceeding 300 tons	1.00
Same, exceeding 300 and not exceeding 600 tons	3.00
Same, exceeding 600 tons	5.00
Real estate and personal mortgages or pledges for securing payment of any definite or certain sum, also conveyances in trust intended only as security, exceeding $1000 and not exceeding $1500	.25
For each $500 or fractional part thereof in excess of $1500	.25
Passage tickets to foreign ports, costing not exceeding $30	1.00
Same, costing more than $30 and not exceeding $60	3.00
Same, costing more than $60	5.00
Power of attorney for voting at elections of incorporated companies, other than religious, charitable, or literary societies, or public cemeteries	.10
Power to sell or rent real estate, to sell or transfer stock, bonds, scrip, or to collect dividends or interest thereon, or to perform any and all other acts not above specified	.25
Protest	.25
Warehouse receipts	.25

SCHEDULE B.

Medicinal proprietary articles and preparations: each packet, box, bottle, pot, vial, or other enclosure, with its contents, selling at retail,

For 5 cents	⅛ of 1 cent.
Above 5 cents and less than 10	¼ of 1 cent.
" 10 cents and less than 15	⅜ of 1 cent.
" 15 cents and less than 25	⅝ of 1 cent.
For each additional 25 cents of the retail price or value, or fractional part thereof in excess of 25 cents	⅝ of 1 cent.

Druggists' prescriptions are not taxable.

Perfumery and cosmetics, and other similar articles: same taxes as proprietary articles.

Chewing-gum or substitutes: each box, etc., value not more than $1 at retail	.04
Above $1, for each additional dollar or fractional part thereof	.04
Sparkling or other wines bottled for sale: on each bottle containing one pint or less	.01
On each bottle containing more than one pint	.02

EXCISE TAXES ON THOSE ENGAGED IN REFINING PETROLEUM AND SUGAR.

On every person engaged in refining petroleum or sugar, or owning or controlling any pipe-line for transporting oil or other products, gross annual receipts exceeding $250,000, on the gross receipts of such persons, etc., exceeding $250,000	¼ of 1 per cent.

(NOTE.—Penalty: not less than $1000 and not exceeding $10,000 for each failure or refusal to make return, and for each and every false or fraudulent return.)

On every seat sold in palace or parlor cars, and every berth sold in sleeping-cars	.01

LEGACIES AND DISTRIBUTIVE SHARES OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Amount exceeding $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, passing either by will or by law, or transferred by deed, grant, bargain, sale, or gift, to take effect after the death of the grantor or bargainor, to any person or persons, in trust or otherwise, the following taxes:

Lineal issue or lineal ancestor, or brother or sister of decedent, on each and every $100 of value	.75
Descendants of brothers and sisters, on every $100	1.50
Brother or sister of father or mother, or descendant of brother or sister of father or mother of deceased, on every $100	3.00
Brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, or descendant of brother or sister of grandfather or grandmother, on every $100	4.00
Persons in other degrees of collateral consanguinity, or a stranger in blood, on every $100	5.00

On property above $25,000 and not above $100,000, the above rates to be multiplied by one and one-half.

Exceeding $100,000 but not exceeding $500,000, the above rates to be multiplied by two.

Exceeding $500,000, and not exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by two and one-half.

Exceeding $1,000,000, the rates to be multiplied by three.

The tax or duty shall be a lien or charge on property for twenty years, or until the same shall be within that period fully paid to and discharged by the United States.

MIXED FLOUR.—Every person, etc., engaged in making, packing, or repacking mixed flour, per annum	12.00
TEA.—Duty per pound	.10

(NOTE.—Internal-revenue collectors are to sell stamps in quantities of not less than $100, face value, with a discount of one per cent., except as otherwise provided in this act.)

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me.
Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other interesting matter.

ALL DRUGGISTS. *AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.*

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If not sold by your local dealer, we will mail samples of PFLUEGER'S **"Luminous" Bait** for either trout, bass or muskallonge for 50 cts. in stamps. *Illustrated catalogue free.*

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Because it isn't mounted on
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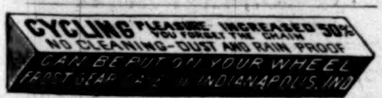
A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.



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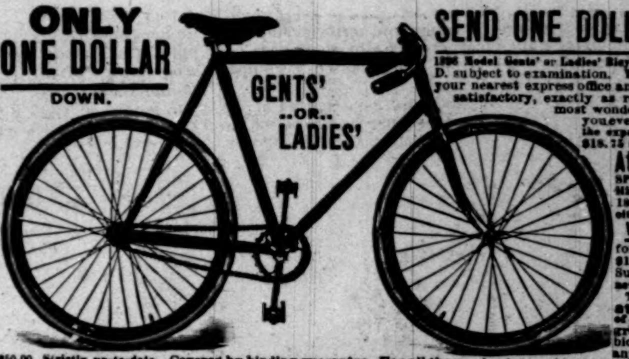

SEND ONE DOLLAR and we will send you this OUR SPECIAL HIGH GRADE 1898 Model Gents' or Ladies' Bicycle by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the most wonderful Bicycle Bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent the balance, $18.75 and express charges.

At $19.75 We shall sell 3000 SPECIAL regular $50.00 High-Grade, guaranteed, 1898 Model Bicycles in either Gents' or Ladies.'

We Have Bicycles for 1898 at $12.95, $19.75 and $22.50. Such values as were never offered before.

THIS SPECIAL WHEEL at $19.75 is a wonder of value, strictly high-grade and equal to any bicycle you can buy anywhere at $40.00 to $50.00. Strictly up-to-date. Covered by binding guarantee. Has all the good points and late improvements of all high-grade bicycles with the defects of none. Our SPECIAL Bicycle at $19.75 is made by one of the largest, oldest, best known and most reliable bicycle makers in America. The identical same bicycle as is sold everywhere under their special name and name plate at $40.00 to $50.00, never less. The name of the maker is a household word among bicycle riders. You will recognize the bicycle the moment you see it as the same high-grade bicycle sold everywhere at $40.00 and upwards. In offering 3,000 at the unheard of price of $19.75, we are pledged not to use the maker's name or name plate.

DESCRIPTION. OUR SPECIAL 1898 Bicycle now offered at $19.75 is made from the very best material throughout, only first-class mechanics are employed and the finish is such as can be found only in the highest grade wheels. FRAME is 24 inches deep, true diamond, (Ladies' is 22 inches, curve shape with two center braces) 1¼-inch highest grade imported German seamless tubing. FORK CROWN, drop forged, highly polished and finished and nickel-plated. HANDLE-BARS, very latest and best wood or nickel, up or down curve or ram's horn. WHEELS, highest grade, 28-inch. SPOKES, highest-grade, 14-16 swaged. HUBS, latest large tubular, turned from bar steel. RIMS, highest grade non-warpable wood. TIRE, our own special guaranteed strictly high-grade single tube pneumatic, complete with pump and repair kit. CRANKS, highest grade forging, 6½-inch throw, highly nickel-plated. PEDALS, handsomest and best rat trap. BEARINGS, highest grade tool steel, highly finished. SPROCKETS, finest forgings, heavily nickel-plated, detachable. SADDLE, strictly high-grade, padded. Weight, 25 lbs. Full ball bearing with ball retainers throughout. Finished in the highest possible enamel in blue, black or maroon, and shipped complete with tool bag, pump, wrench, oiler and repair kit.

OUR GUARANTEE. We issue a written binding, one year guarantee, during which time if any piece or part gives out, by reason of defect in workmanship or material, WE WILL REPLACE IT FREE OF CHARGE. With care the bicycle will last 10 Years.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR State whether Ladies' or Gents', kind of handle bars and color of finish and we will send you the bicycle by express C. O. D., subject to examination, you can examine it at the express office and if you find it equal to any bicycle you can buy elsewhere for $40.00 to $50.00, and such a bargain as you never saw before, pay the express agent the balance, $18.75, and express charges. OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE shows a complete line of Bicycles at $12.95, $19.75, $22.50, etc. Also a full line of bicycle sundries, bicycle clothing, etc. **SEND FOR IT.**

AS TO OUR RELIABILITY. We refer to our customers everywhere; Metropolitan Nat'l Bank, Nat'l Bank of Republic, Bank of Commerce, Chicago; German Exchange Bank, New York; any business house or resident of Chicago. We occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago, employ 700 people, and we guarantee to save you $20.00 to 30.00 on a high-grade bicycle. Order to-day. Don't delay. Only 3,000 to be sold at $19.75.

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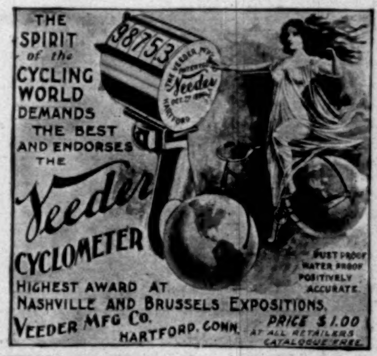

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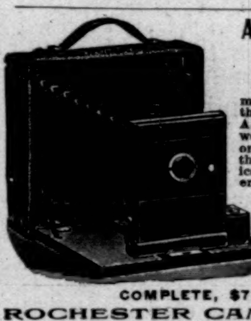

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The Folding Gem.

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TAKES A PICTURE 4 x 5
As perfect at edges as at centre.

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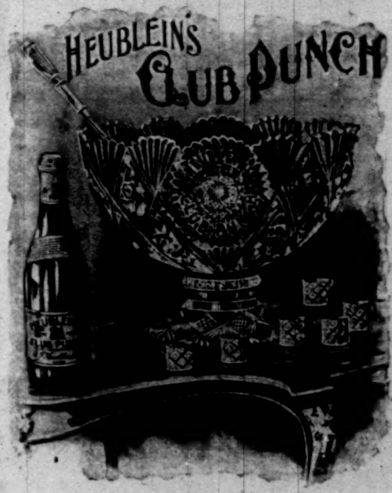

As Delightful to Drink as it's easy to make.

Fill bowl with ice, pour contents of bottle over same—it's ready for use. For a delicious **Claret Cup**, add one pint of good Claret to one quart of Club Punch. Fruits in season may be added.

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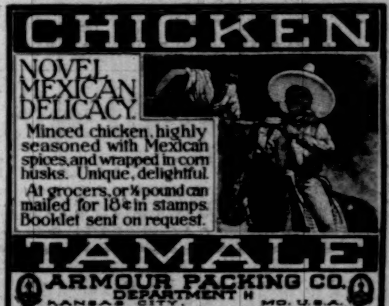

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NOVEL MEXICAN DELICACY.

Minced chicken, highly seasoned with Mexican spices, and wrapped in corn husks. Unique, delightful. At grocers, or ½ pound can mailed for 18¢ in stamps. Booklet sent on request.

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